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CHAPTER XXII.

RETRIBUTION.

We left Deacon Pinchbeck entering the house of death, to sit as one of the coroner's jury upon the body of poor Margaret Cassady. Had there been any suspicion in the mind of the coroner of the deacon's guilty doings, it would doubtless have received confirmation from the singular manner in which he at first conducted himself; but attributing his agitation to some less criminal cause, the officer merely noticed it, without making any remark. Nor was the deacon's apparent agitation of long duration; for when he saw the corpse was that of a woman, and not of the child he expected to find, he so far recovered himself, as to appear outwardly composed—though the conscience-lighted fires of guilt were burning within, and every moment threatening an eruption, like the smothered flames of a charged volcano.

After due deliberation, the verdict was rendered—as verdicts generally are, in the absence of any material facts—that the deceased came to her death by some cause, or causes, unknown to the jury; and being a poor, drunken wretch, without friends, and the letter of the law being thus carried out, the coroner was satisfied, the jurors were dismissed, and orders were issued to some hungry undertaker, to have her body decently deposited in the burying ground appropriated to poor and friendless strangers.

The deacon breathed freer when he found himself relieved of the unpleasant business in which he had been compelled to take an active part—but he was still very far from being a happy man. He had, it seemed to him, only cleverly got clear of one serious predicament, to find himself plunged into another. What had become of Ellen Norbury? Was she living or dead? After all the painful excitement he had just undergone, he was no wiser now concerning her fate than he was before. Had the burglar really played a trick upon him, and got his money for nothing? It was a great sum—ten thousand dollars—a tremendous sum—a sum that, in his usual course of management, would have made him the fortunate possessor of several more valuable houses, and as the deacon reflected upon it, he groaned at the thought of his loss.

It was therefore in no enviable state of mind, that Deacon Absalom Pinchbeck, for the second time that night, reached the steps of his dwelling, on his second return from the Infected District, [illegible] this time at a rather late hour. rather [illegible]prepared for something of a even supposing all [illegible] have shown, their most favorable aspect, the [illegible] in was certainly not prepared for the awful reality which awaited him. On reaching the steps of his dwelling, as already mentioned, his first surprise was to find the outside door standing wide open; and his second, to hear several voices within, all speaking in excited tones, several feet moving and shuffling about, and the sounds as of persons running up and down stairs at the same time.

"Goodness! mercy!" thought the deacon; "what can be the matter here? what can have happened?"

Pale and agitated by the wildest fears, he stumbled up the steps, his knees fairly knocking together in terror. At the door he was met by a neighbor, who was hurrying out.

"Why, is this you, deacon?" cried the neighbor, in an excited tone.

"Ye-ye-ye-yes!" gasped Pinchbeck; "wha-what's the matter?"

"Where is the doctor? is he coming?"

"Wha-what doctor?" exclaimed the deacon, thinking the other might have reference to young Stanhope.

"Any doctor, my dear sir! Why, have you not been for a physician? your girl told me so."

"Wha-what is it? who's sick, Mr. Bentley?"

"Why, your little boy. Heavens! I thought you knew it!"

"Me! yes—so I did—knew he was ailing; but—but—I didn't know as it was any thing very serious. I had some business—I was called away—I—ah—good Lord support me! is he very sick?"

"He is, deacon—dangerously—we fear the worst—and I am hastening to get another physician. Who will you have?"

"Oh! anybody—anybody!" groaned the deacon. "Oh! good Lord! what terrible news! Why didn't some one go for a doctor sooner?"

"There is one upstairs, a young man, whom one of our neighbors chanced to see passing, and called in; and we should have hastened for your family physician, only it was supposed you had gone for him yourself, and we have been expecting your return every moment; but the case being so bad, the young man advised us not to wait any longer, but get one of more experience than himself, as quick as we could. Shall I call Dr. Jennings?"

"Oh! yes—yes—anybody!" cried the deacon, leaning against the wall for support.

As Mr. Bentley hurried away, a female voice, from the top of the stairs, called out:

"Have you arrived, deacon?"

"Ye-yes, ma'am—I—I—I'm here," was the reply.

"Please come up, quick, if you wish to see your child alive!"

The deacon nerved himself for something awful, and rushed upstairs like a madman. In the front room of the second story, he found his wife seated in the middle of the apartment, with her boy in her arms; and, standing around her, some half dozen persons, all females except the physician. The deacon, taking no notice of any one, sprung forward to the side of his boy, and gazed upon him, for a moment, in speechless horror; then staggering back, he sunk down on a seat, buried his face in his hands, and groaned out the agony he could not speak.

It was certainly a sight to rend the soul of a parent. The face of the boy was livid, his features distorted, his eyes rolled upward, and he was gasping for breath, grasping at the air and choking and groaning alternately. His mother held him in her arms, and gazed down upon him with a tearless, marble face—for so intense was her anguish, that the fountain of tears was choked, and could not flow to give her relief. She persisted in holding him, and no entreaty could induce her to resign him to another. Everything had been done for the boy, that any one present had ever heard of being efficacious in such cases; and as an experiment, with the consent of the young physician, one of the party was now applying a linen cloth, dipped in turpentine, to his breast and neck—while the others stood looking on, some of them weeping from pure sympathy.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cried the deacon, springing up suddenly, "must he die? must he die?"

He turned a wild, agonized look upon the young physician, whom he had not before noticed, and felt an electric shock through his system as his eyes encountered the steady gaze of Dr. Newton Stanhope.

"You are surprised to see me here, Deacon Pinchbeck," the young man hastened to say; "but I chanced to be passing your door, on my way to visit a patient, when I was hailed, and so urgently entreated to enter, that I felt I must outrage all feelings of humanity not to comply. I have done what I could for your son; but I fear it will be of no avail; and as another physician will soon be here, I trust I may now be permitted to take my leave."

"No! no! no!" cried the deacon, wildly; "you must not go, doctor; you must stay! you must save him! and you shall have gold—gold, sir—any amount you may name, only save him!"

"If I could save him, Deacon Pinchbeck," replied the other, somewhat sternly, "I would do so, for humanity's sake, not for your gold, which I do not want, and would not touch. But, sir, so far as my skill is concerned, my stay here is needless."

"Oh, no! no! no! say not so! Give me some hope, doctor—do! Oh, give me some hope! He is my only son—my only child! Do not say he must die!"

"You plead, deacon, as if his life were in my hands," answered the other; "but you should look to God, not to man, for hope."

"Oh, Lord, save him! Oh, Lord, save him!" cried the deacon, clasping his hands. "Nelson! Nelson! my dear, sweet child!" he continued, addressing the sufferer. "Don't you know me, son? Don't you know your father?"

The child took no notice of him, but continued to gasp and choke and clutch and groan, with his eyes rolled upward, so that little more than the whites were visible; while the mother sat holding him, and looking down upon him, her eyes glaring, her features rigid, her lips bloodless, and her very limbs motionless, save when the boy moved them in his struggles for breath.

"Ladies," said Stanhope, addressing the company, "you will, I trust, excuse me, if I leave now. I have done all I can here, and I have a patient I must visit immediately."

Saying this, he bowed himself out. But the deacon sprung after him.

"Doctor," he said, "in heaven's name! can't you save my child?"

"I cannot. I have already told you [illegible] the reply.

"I see no hope for him.

"Oh! this is more than I can bear!"

"The hand of God falls heavy on the worker of iniquity, because he wants the faith and hope of the *Christian* to sustain him," replied Stanhope, sternly. "Good-night, Deacon Pinchbeck."

"Stay, one moment!" exclaimed Pinchbeck. "Do—do you—you still—still—a—ah—think me guilty, doctor?"

"Do you dare deny your guilt, with your child lying at the point of death? Speak!"

"Yes! yes! I'll deny anything, if the Lord will only save my poor, dear child!" replied the wretched father, scarcely conscious of what he was saying. "You say you are coming to-morrow night," he continued, "to give me fresh trouble; but, on my soul! I don't know what has become of that child, any more than you do."

Truth, earnestly spoken, seldom fails to carry conviction; and the deacon now spoke the truth; and his words began to create a doubt in the mind of the young man that his suspicions had been properly founded. At all events, he had the noble feelings of humanity too well developed to wish to press home, too heavily, his mere suspicions, upon a father so deeply afflicted; and so, after a moment of thoughtful silence, he replied:

"Well, God knows whether you have had any hand in this dark matter or not. If you are innocent, I would recall my words, and crave your pardon; but if you are guilty, beware! for you are as much in the presence of your God now, as you will be at the Great Day of Judgment, and cannot escape the doom which will be pronounced upon the workers of iniquity!"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" groaned the wretched and guilty man; "what will become of me? Oh, do—do try and save that child—my only son—my only hope!"

"I will go back, if you insist upon it; but I tell you, most seriously, I can do nothing for him, nor do I believe it is in the power of mortal man to help him," rejoined Stanhope, who could not help feeling pity for one so deeply distressed. At this moment, quick steps were heard in the entry, and, looking down the stairs, the young man hastened to add: "But here comes a physician of more experience than myself, and, therefore, my services will not be required. Good-night."

He turned away as he spoke, and passed the second physician and Mr. Bentley on the stairs.

"Quick! quick! doctor!" called the deacon to the newcomer, speaking in a wild, excited tone. "Oh, I am so glad you have come. You can save him—you can save him—yes, you can save him!"

"Where is he?" asked Dr. Jennings, hurriedly, a man of venerable appearance.

"This way—this way, doctor!" And the deacon darted before him into the apartment of the dying boy. "There he is, doctor. There he is, poor child!"

The moment the glance of the physician fell upon the struggling boy he gravely shook his head.

"Well, Doctor? Well? well? well?" cried the nearly distracted father.

"It is too late," replied the physician, feeling his pulse.

"No! no! no! Don't say so! Don't say it's too late!" almost shrieked the deacon. "He lives! he breathes yet!—he will, he *must* recover!"

The mother still held the child, still kept her eyes riveted upon him, but spoke not, stirred not, seemed not to hear what was said.

"You are a man," said the doctor to the deacon, "and it would be worse than folly for me to hold out any false hopes to you. Your child is in the last agonies of death. He cannot live an hour."

"Oh, my God! what will become of me!" groaned the deacon, sinking heavily upon a seat.

At this moment the child gave a loud, piercing shriek, and became terribly convulsed. In his awful struggles he would have fallen to the floor, if one of the females present had not afforded timely aid. The mother seemed paralyzed. All gathered around the little sufferer, the father among the rest. A few more struggles, another shriek, but not so loud, a quick, shivering spasm, and the poor boy lay perfectly still.

"He is dead!" said the doctor, solemnly.

And "*He is dead!*" like a blast from the trump of woe, went echoing through all the recesses of Deacon Pinchbeck's guilty soul, and he sunk down on the ground and moaned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ANCIENT SAW.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "GRAY MARE'S BEING THE BETTER HORSE."

A gentleman of a certain county in England married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, but finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high, domineering spirt, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him:

"Why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and, consequently, no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the married state?"

The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife."

"Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed by the same method. However, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this to proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable. You shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the country, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you should find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and than her neigh[illegible] wife as no worse hand, your horses are gone first, I [illegible] take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, as you may be sure without any further inquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he at length arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county; he knocked at the door, and, inquiring for the master of the house, was told by the servant that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlor. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, "if his business was very urgent, she would awake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him."

"Why, really, madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband if you will be ingenuous with me; you will doubtless think it odd; and it may be deemed impolite for anyone, much more a stranger, to ask such a question but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing her duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have always been proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me; for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and after some apologies being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman the most; but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which, she thought, would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare.

"What," said she, "and you will not take her then? But I say you shall; for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse."

"Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so——"

"You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carte; "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

A FABLE.—Ariosto tells a story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her guise were ever excluded from participation in the blessings she bestowed; but to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. A useful moral might be drawn from this little fable, in favor of showing kindness and civility to the most degraded and unhappy.

WE must not frown upon real piety and truth because they do not appear in our own uniform.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia, "My Danish Days, with a Glance at the History, Traditions and Literature of the Old Northern Country." By G. W. Griffin. Author of "Studies in Literature." Some time ago he was United States Consul at Philadelphia, and now, on his return, gives us the result of his observations in a very entertaining and instructive volume with the above title. (2.) "Natural History of Man." By Professor A. De Quatrefages. Being a course of elementary lectures, delivered in France, and which have been extensively circulated in Europe in different languages. And "The Science of Music, or the Physical Basis of Human Harmony." By Sedley Taylor, M.A., Cambridge, England. These two volumes form part of "The Popular Science Library," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, a series of attractive books, at the uniform price of one dollar each, that shall bring the varied and important results of modern scientific inquiry within easy reach of all classes of readers.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, "Conquering and to Conquer." By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," "Conditions of Success in Preaching Without Notes." Being three lectures recently delivered before the students of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. By Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LLD., of Brooklyn, N. Y. And "God's Word Through Preaching." The Lyman Beecher Lectures before the Theological Department of Yale College. By John Hall, D.D. Published by Dodd & Mead, 751 Broadway, New York.

From Schæffer & Koradie, Publishers of Philadelphia and Leipsic, "The Twentieth Edition of [illegible] Pronouncing German Dictionary." By J. C. Oehlschlager, Professor of Modern Languages in Philadelphia. It is divided into two parts, German English and English German, with a pronunciation of the German part in English characters and English sounds—an excellent feature in a work of this kind. The price, only $1.50, puts it within the reach of almost everybody.

From W. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut street, "Blackwood's Magazine" for March, 1875. Being a reprint by the Leonard-Scott Publishing Company of New York.

From F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio, "Sadie Darling," and "Remember Deeds of Kindness," two beautiful songs with choruses; words by T. Rutledge; [illegible] by Charlie Baker.

From W. W. Whitney, Music Publishers, Toledo, Ohio, "Violette." Words by Arth[illegible] French. Author of "When We Sleep Beneath [illegible]sies, "Coming Home," etc. Music by George W. Persley. And "Temple March," a very choice morceau written expressly for the cabinet organ. By W. Hewitt.

[The crowded state of our columns in this issue compels us to defer mention of a number of new publications lately received, as also to abridge our present notice.]

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

Scalding hot milk will take out berry stains and ink spots.

A little alum, dissolved in stove polish, adds very much to its efficacy.

Frozen potatoes can be cured by soaking in water three days before cooking.

A strong solution of sulphate of magnesia gives a beautiful quality to whitewash.

Common wheat flour, made into a paste with cold water or applied dry, will take out grease spots, without injuring the most delicate fabric.

Cure for Quinsy.—Take piece of borax the size of a hickory-nut, and dissolve it in half a teacup of warm water, and gargle the throat every hour until the soreness is gone.

Cleaning Grease Spots Out of Carpet.—Take a little sal soda in soft water, a little soap, and use a corn-cob instead of a brush, then use a cloth and soft water to rinse and wipe dry.

Awnings may be made waterproof by plunging first in a solution containing 20 per cent. soap, and afterwards in another solution containing the same percentage of copper. Wash afterwards.

Wash to Whiten the Nails.—Diluted sulphuric acid, two drachms; tincture of myrrh, one drachm; spring water, four ounces, mix. First cleanse with white soap, and then dip the fingers into the wash.

Whiskers and Moustaches. — To promote their growth, rub in the following lotion two or three times a week, at night time: Eau-de-Cologne, two ounces; tincture of Cantharides, two ounces; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each, ten drops.

To Dress Lamb Skins with the Wool on.—Take equal parts of common barrel salt and pulverized alum, cover the skin with the mixture, then roll up tight; hang it until done dripping. It will take three or four weeks. It wants rubbing to make it pliable.

Statues.—It is recommended in cleaning moss-covered statuary in gardens, etc., to first kill the vegetation by the application of petroleum or benzine, which will not injure the stone, and to remove it when dried by brushing, and finally rubbing with a rag.

To make glue for resisting fire, proceed as follows: Mix a handful of quicklime in four ounces of linseed oil; boil to a good thickness, then spread on plates in the shade, and it will become exceedingly hard, but may be easily dissolved over the fire, and used as ordinary glue. It resists fire after having been used for gluing substances together.

Simple Remedy to Purify Water.—It is not generally known, as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large teaspoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water—the water stirred round at the time—will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure articles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful containing four gallons may be purified by a single teaspoonful.

BLUE BEARD.

WHO HE WAS AND WHAT HE DID.

This bugbear of every nursery in Christendom was no fabulous monster veiled in human form. He actually lived, moved and had a being in the fifteenth century; not, however, as a long-robed and turbaned Oriental, as the pictures which used to make our blood curdle would lead us to think.

On an eminence which overlooks the little village of Champtoce, near the Loire, stands the imposing ruin of an old feudal castle. Its gray walls, bare and broken, rear themselves against the glorious sky; and amid the crumbling turrets, the bat and the owl beat their wings and shriek in their midnight revels. The superstitious peasantry avoid the neighborhood from fear, and when the storm whistles and the winds moan, they imagine the sounds to be wails from the injured dead of the old ruin. The dread of the place is no new feeling, but has existed among succeeding generations of peasantry ever since the reign of Charles the Seventh. It was at that time the dwelling of Gilles De Retz, a feudal baron, who, as he was then, and still is called, "Barbe Bleu," was, no doubt, the original of our time-honored, or rather feared, Blue Beard. His deeds of blood, which were but the every-day incidents of his life, made him the terror of the surrounding region. The bare mention of his name was enough to subdue the most rebellious urchin into submission; and even the parents believed that the winds which reached them, by passing over his domains, were sulphur-tainted.

Well does the history of this man reveal the dark superstition of the fifteenth century, and also the impunity with which one in high rank might commit the most revolting crimes against humanity. De Retz had once been in possession of immense estates and untold wealth; but by the most debasing excesses, he not only squandered his fortune, but also ruined his constitution, so that, while yet a young man, he bore the appearance of decrepitude and old age. He could not, however, consent to pay the penalty of his sin by thus becoming old before his time.

In the blindness of his superstition he conceived the hope of reclaiming both health and wealth by the power of magic. Having heard of a famous Italian alchemist who had performed some great miracles by this art, he sent for him to the castle. The cunning magician at once read his man, and encouraged his hopes; he was, therefore, employed at a high price to undertake the work, and invited to make the lofty castle his home. The first object was the winning back of health and vigor, without which all other treasures are of little avail. Numberless were the arts he tried, and mysterious the preparations he made.

The dark dungeons and secret subterranean passages beneath the castle were the scenes of his work. Here the [illegible] imagined that the Italian made a compact [illegible] of Darkness, and sold the duped De Retz to him in compensation for his aid in restoring his health! Among many nonsensical and harmless experiments, were also some of a cruel and abominable character. He induced his infatuated employer to believe that there existed in the blood of infants a charm for restoring youth and vigor. He assured him that by bathing daily in the warm blood of these innocents, the pure young life which had so lately coursed through their tiny veins would be transferred to his own. The bloody baron did not shrink for one moment from the commission of the horrid crime which this prescription rendered necessary.

Tender infants were secretly stolen or forcibly torn from their parents, and kept in the dungeons of the castle till their blood was required. It is believed that not less than one hundred humble mothers was thus bereft of their youngest born. This fiend in human shape hired a magician, but not a murderer. That office he reserved for himself, nor did his savage nature shrink from the horrid work it imposed. With his own hand did he pierce the hearts of his affrighted little victims until there was blood sufficient to cover his emaciated body. This is but one instance of the monstrous cruelty of De Retz. We think very likely his wives shared the fate of the poor infants, and that the story of Blue Beard in wide trousers, loose robe, and turban, was not exaggerated.

But crime cannot always go unpunished. Even then, when the rich ruled over the poor, justice and mercy triumphed at last. The cries and entreaties of the heart-broken people around his domains reached the ears of his superior, Jean V. He was arrested, and brought before a tribunal of justice. His palace was thrown open to the public gaze, and its horrid dens and vaults were swift witnesses against him. He was found guilty of murders by scores, and, after confessing many crimes before unknown, he was burnt at the stake in Nantes, 1440.

This was the original of "Blue Beard," and there, although more than four hundred years have passed away since he paid the penalty of his crimes, the broken walls and jagged turrets still stand as a memorial that the wicked shall not go unpunished.

* * *

It is common to say that a liar will not be believed, although he speak the truth. The converse of this proposition is equally true, but more unfortunate—that a man who has gained a reputation for veracity will not be discredited though he utter what is false. But he that would make use of a reputation for veracity to establish a lie, would set fire to the temple of truth with a faggot stolen from her altar.

* * *

Let not sleep fall upon your eyes till you have thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which you have done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

* * *

Friendship is a good deal like china. It is very beautiful and durable as long as it is quite whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage.

* * *

He that does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the conscience of well-doing is a very ample reward.

* * *

A man's belief gains infinitely the moment he can convince another mind thereof.

NEWS of INTEREST

Cigars did not come into general use in England until after the battle of Waterloo.

The United States already pays twice as much in pensions as any other nation in the world.

One paper-mill alone in the United States used up six hundred tons of paper last year in the manufacture of paper collars.

The latest specimen of word making is "disestablishmentarian." In course of time, last year's dictionary will be of as little use as last year's almanac.

Beer is now largely consumed by the Japanese. A brewery has been established at Hiogo, and beer of fair quality is brewed there. The hops are imported from America.

The steeple of the Church of St. Nicholas at Hamburg, which is 472 feet high, is now the highest spire in all Europe, overtopping the spire of the Strasbourg Cathedral by six feet.

England and the United States, according to the latest statistics, are the largest sugar-consuming countries in the world. In 1873 England consumed 830,000 tons, or about 57-9 pounds per head of population. The United States in the same period used 770,000 tons, or 44 pounds per individual.

Leather from Tripe.—A patent has recently been taken out in France for the preparation of leather from tripe, intestines, and other animal membranes. These are soaked in milk and lime while still fresh, then washed and immersed in water, and finally in a paste made of starch and white of egg. The substance thus formed is to be used for glove-making, etc. The material may also be tanned or cured.

Brown and black are the only fast colors in cloth bindings. Red, green and blue are nearly so. In calf binding yellow or tan is the only color that will not fade. It wears best. Blue calf fades and rubs white. The quietest colors—neutral shades—will satisfy the eye longest. What are called "purple" and "wine" colors—solferino and magenta in binders' phrase—have been known to fade out entirely in a month. Wine—that is "claret"—is nearly a fast color—somewhat like green, red, and blue.

A Finger Game.—A game called lamora is played in St. Louis bar-rooms. Its advantage is that nothing except fingers is required. Each player puts his right hand, palm downwards, on the bar, extending as many fingers as he chooses. Then they guess how many fingers both together have out, and the one who comes nearest to correctness scores one point. Twelve points make a game, thumbs rate the same as fingers, and when the guesses are equally good neither counts. Lamora is an Italian diversion, brought over by emigrants.

The London Fire Brigade.—The strength of the London Fire Brigade at present is as follows: 49 fire-engine stations; 106 fire-escape stations; 4 floating-stations; 54 telegraph lines; 86 miles of telegraph lines; 3 floating steam fire-engines; 1 iron barge, to carry a land steam fire-engine; 3 large land steam fire-engines; 31 small land steam fire-engines; 14 7-inch manual fire-engines; 56 6-inch manual fire-engines; 12 under 6-inch manual fire-engines; 129 fire-escapes; 394 firemen, including the chief officer, the superintendents and all ranks. The number of firemen employed on the several watches kept up throughout the metropolis is at present 108 by day and 181 by night, making a total of 289 in every 24 hours.

Spanish Queens.—There are at the present time no less than four Queens of Spain, and if the rumors of King Alphonso's approaching marriage are based upon fact there will be the fifth. The four ladies who have succeeded to the precarious dignity of Queen of Spain are: Queen Christina, born April 26, 1806, married Ferdinand VII, December 11, 1829; widow, September 29, 1833. Queen Isabella II, daughter of Ferdinand VII and Princess Christina of the Two Sicilies, born October 10, 1830; succeeded to the throne on the death of her father; deposed September 29, 1868. Queen Marguerite, wife of Amadeus I, Duke of Aosta, who accepted the Spanish crown October 1870, and abdicated February 11, 1873. Queen Maria, married February 6, 1847, to his "Most Sacred Majesty," Charles VII (Don Carlos).

Stars and Decorations among German Generals.—The number of stars and decorations distributed among the leading generals of the German army must be occasionally slightly embarassing to the distinguished bearers. The German Crown Prince has no less than 58 stars and crosses which he is entitled to wear; his uncle, Prince Charles, and his cousin, Prince Frederick Charles, follow next with 48 each; Prince Bismark has no less than 40, which he may find it difficult to dispose even over his broad chest; Counts Moltke and Roon have 39 each; Field-Marshal von Manteuffel and General von Tresten, 32; General von Stoach has 29; Field-Marshal Count Wrangel, 28; General von Blumenthal, 27; Herwarth von Bittenfeld, 23; Von der Goeben, 22; and Von Fransecky and Von Podbielsky, 21 each.

Ingenious Gambling.—An ingenious tea dealer in Boston some months ago secured a good deal of gratuitous advertising and profitable notoriety, at the same time gratifying the latent passion for indulgence in games of chance which seems to be a characteristic of so many men, by placing in front of his shop a huge teakettle, to which was attached a placard offering a prize of a chest of tea to the person who should make the nearest guess to the capacity of the utensil. This idea has been adopted and improved upon by the ingenuous Chinese residents of Cleveland, Ohio, who have introduced a style of gambling somewhat analogous. The prizes are a coat, a hat, and a pair of shoes. The awards are made as follows: A piece of pork is suspended by a string from a window, so that all passers-by can have a fair view of it. Any one who wishes may buy a ticket of the operator of the scheme, venture a guess at the weight of the pork, and take his chance of winning a prize by the nearest, second, or third guess. The game is said to be very popular.

"Who Will Suffer?"

IT IS NOW 27 YEARS SINCE DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment was put before the public: warranting it to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest; and it never has failed. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

R. J. C. WALKER,
C. McF. REED,
JOSEPH P. REED.
Editors and Proprietors.

Saturday Evening, May 1, 1875.

☞ *With this number of the* POST *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with beautiful Engravings, a Fashion Plate and pleasing Sketches.

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WALKER, REED & CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philada.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is with pleasure we announce that the PEOPLES ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been consolidated with the POST, and with the present number we present the combined issue as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The aim of both POST and MONTHLY having been to furnish Pure, Entertaining and Instructive Literature for the Family and the Fireside, and it having been the intention of the proprietors of the MONTHLY to issue the same as an ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, the combination now effected containing and retaining the literary excellence of both journals, and adding thereto the attractive feature of handsome Illustrations, cannot but commend itself to all our old friends, and secure us many new ones.

The present issue is an example of what the POST will be in the future; and while its contents will be such as may be read with pleasurable excitement by all classes of readers, nothing which panders to an unhealthy appetite for exaggerated, sensational, overdrawn fiction will be among its contents.

We shall endeavor to furnish, both by pen and pencil, whatever the printed page can convey of pleasure and instruction.

We call special attention to our Special Departments, to wit: Correspondents' Bureau, in which *all* are received on a footing of equal courtesy; The Boudoir—with its Fashion Notes and Queries; Facetiæ, with whatever is bright and humorous; The Reviewer—notices of new publications; Receipts—general and domestic; and—not forgetting the little ones and their big friends—The Fairies' Column, Our Own Sphinx, and Our Boys and Girls.

In addition to the foregoing, Illustrated Fashion Plates and double-page Illustrated Supplements will be frequently issued, presenting altogether a fund of Instruction, Entertainment and Art, not excelled by any Family Paper in the country.

R. J. C. WALKER, C. McF. REED,
JOSEPH P. REED.

A Gift from Heaven.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "Violet; or, The Wonders of Kingswood Chase;" "Her First Love," etc.

This week we commence a Serial from the pen of the above talented writer, an old contributor to the POST, and whose name is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. The plot is full of interest, and as it gradually unfolds, cannot fail to merit the reader's closest attention to the end.

Simon Girty, the Renegade

An Historical Tale of the Border.

BY CHARLES McKNIGHT,

Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

We shall in our next issue (No. 41) give an instalment of the above celebrated Romance, which was commenced in the columns of the PEOPLES ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY, and also present a copious synopsis of the plot and incidents of the story, so far as it has already appeared.

MY SOUL AND I.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

Long time ago, my Soul and I
Had many curious disquisitions,
Upon the present and the past,
And on our relative positions.
And yet we failed, my Soul and I,
In proving our identity:
For said I, to my Soul, it seems
I should not be myself without you:
Yet what you are, or whence you came,
Who can tell anything about you?
Had'st waited long for me, my Soul,
Floating about in space infinite?
Or did we two, created one,
Spring into life the self-same minute?
How comes it that we suit so well—
Each so dissimilar in essence;
One deathless, immaterial,
The other of corporeal presence;
One born to die, one born to live,
The two yet needful for perfection;
And birth the link, and death the sword,
That bind and loose the strange connection,
Through which it haps my Soul and I,
Are fashioned to Humanity?
Dost thou not cling to me, my Soul,
With somewhat of a home-like feeling,
Whilst still I listen unto thee
For ever unknown worlds revealing?
'Tis death to part from thee, my Soul—
'Tis life to thee from me to sever;
Must I decay—must thou live on,
And shall we parted be forever?
We've hoped and loved, smiled and wept,
And tossed about the world together;
May we not rest in Paradise,
After our spell of rough earth weather?
I cannot let thee go, my Soul,
We both must linger at the portal;
The gates will not be opened wide,
Until my dust be made immortal.
Then shall we be, my Soul and I,
Still one throughout eternity.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER SEVEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

"I don't care how *poor* a girl he marries," said a lady to me in a talk about her son, "but he must choose a wife from his own station, or *I'll* never recognize her."

"The lady is——"

"A *shop girl!*" interrupted madam, half-bouncing from her chair, and clutching her hands together angrily. "To think of a son of mine marrying a girl who has tended in a store! It's enough to break my heart."

"But her position is equal to his, is it not?" I ventured.

"Yes; that's what Jimmy says," the lady answered, seemingly without offence. "Her salary is larger than his, for she has the highest position in the store; but he's the son of a *gentleman*, and——oh, dear! oh, dear! I've been so unfortunate in my sons!" wailed the mother, breaking down at last, and sobbing piteously.

I preserved a discreet silence till the storm subsided; then—

"Do you object to the girl for any other reason than the one you have named?" I asked.

"No; and that's reason enough," she answered, a little spitefully, I thought. "She's refined, I suppose; and Jimmy says if I'd only become acquainted with her, I'd lose all my prejudice [illegible] don't *want* to [illegible] want to see her, and I won't."

"But have you ever counted the cost to your life and his of your opposition to what seems to me his very reasonable wishes?" I ventured. "Have you ever thought what sort of a man you will make of him? He *loves* the girl, I believe."

"Yes; I do think if *ever* there was true love in the heart of a man for a woman, it's in Jimmy's for Evelyn Hill. But what *business* had he to love her—a *shop girl!*" grinding out the last words between her clenched teeth, as if "*a shop girl*" were the most horrible of God's creations.

"But *he's* a shop *boy*," I said, risking her anger. "Aren't you a little inconsistent, my dear lady?"

"Yes, I suppose I am; but I can't help it, and I don't want to."

"And suppose he gives poor Evelyn up to please *you*; suppose, upon the merit of his name alone, he contracts an alliance with some wealthy house that can never hold his heart, where will his *honor* be? Oh, my dear madam, he could do so much worse than to marry Evelyn Hill!"

"Ah! how long since you became her champion?"

"I am not her champion," I answered. "It's only the *right* I'm thinking of. It's only the future that I'm seeing; the wide, far-reaching future that hath for all of us so much of good or ill—so much of heaven or hell. I'm sick to the soul of society's soulless demands upon men and women whom God meant to be kings and queens in the kingdoms of home. Don't talk to me of marriages of convenience. *You a woman! You a mother!* I will not hear you."

"Hoity-toity."

"As you please. Look here. A beautiful picture, is it not? A tender, pleading face—the face of a martyr. A breathing, pulsing victim, *she*, a dainty sacrifice upon the altar of unholy mammon. I know her well. You will see her carriage in the park, when the days are brighter than her life. You will see her husband on 'Change and at the club; you will see her children, fashionably attired, with the nurse on promenade—but what does *God* see? A white face bent low at morning and at night over some long-dead violets and a lock of chestnut hair; a heart that holds one image, one name, one love alone, and a soul trying vainly to reconcile the surroundings of its life below with its unborn thoughts of purity. Yet the world honors and envies her. The world says, 'What a splendid match her mother made for her!' And her mother smiles complacently, making tender reference to '*My dear* son-in-law,' but never a whisper from her proud lips of how she sold her child to maintain her place as leader of the *ton*."

"Oh, such things are in romances."

"Such things, and sadder, are in every-day life on every hand. We do not hear much of them. We read of broken vows and of dishonored hearthstones, and in the rush and whirl of life we do not stop to inquire what is the cause of it all, or to see what lieth weeping under the mask of sin. If a *great* love for a *good* man or woman is not in every human heart that beats, I would give little for that heart's power of resistance in the hour of temptation, and such a love, a love born of respect and nurtured by all that is beautiful and true in our humanity, is a tower of strength and an iron wall of defence and protection."

* * * * *

You want me to tell you how it ended—the young people's love of which I have written? I do not think it has ended at all. I might weave a fair romance for you to be happy over and satisfied with, but I am dealing with fact, not fiction, in these sketches, which will find a corner in your home, perhaps a corner in your heart.

In my opinion, no man should link to his the life and the fate of a woman till he is in circumstances that will render certain the comfortable support of *not* the wife only, but *the family* which alone makes home complete. But a marriage without love, or a marriage with one when the heart is another's!

Wilkie Collins, in "The Law and the Lady," says:

"When a woman sells herself to a man, that vile bargain is none the less infamous (to my mind) because it happens to be made under the sanction of the Church and the Law."

And too many such "bargains" are made for the physical, moral, and spiritual health of our people.

Said a mother to me recently:

"Jenny has done *so* well. Her husband is worth half a million at least, and they will do the Continent before they return."

"But does she *love* him?" I asked.

The lady shrugged her shoulders, and smiled a little, uneasy smile, that meant a sadder thing than tears.

"Oh, as for that," she said, presently, then hesitated a moment; "why, *that's* such *an old-fashioned question!*"

"And treats of 'an old-fashioned' subject," I added.

"Yes; but people now-a-days don't think much about it, at least, it is rarely taken into consideration in the settlement of sons and daughters. Jenny mayn't *love* her husband now, but she will, in time, if he gives her plenty of money, and lets her do as she pleases."

"*Providing*, that her heart is not already in the keeping of somebody else."

A tell-tale flush spread over the lady's face, and she soon changed the subject of our talk to one of the last representations of Ristori.

I learned afterward that Jenny had been for years betrothed to the "only son of his mother, and she a widow;" but he was not rich in this world's goods, though rich in all things else. He was rising in his profession—that of the law—and he could have given his bride a pretty, cosy home, in a respectable, though unfashionable street. But that arrangement was wormwood and gall to the proud mother, and the young people were divided. They loved *and love* each other! What is the issue to be? God only knows. Another chapter of scandal in high life, perhaps, for the newspapers of a period not remote. Another dishonored home, or a dishonoring death, when life has proven too terrible for enduring.

In any event, there must be for *more than two lives* a missing of bloom and beauty, of satisfaction and of sweetness, of gladness and of growth, and no man or woman can afford to miss so much.

* * * * *

It is very dark outside, [illegible] from falling, melting the snow [illegible] out of which the lowly valley violets will look ere long, and trickling over the barren breasts of mountains, like tears of childless women.

The city has grown quiet. The ticking of the clock is the music the young bird swings to in his sleep, and yet his heart may be holding a memory of the music of many birds as mine of many voices.

Yet one voice, sweeter than all others, dearer than all others; one voice missing, which would, for me, rob even heaven of its beauty, sounds softly in my ear as I sit here in the night alone; and to the tender cadence of its melody are set the old, old words:

> "All my hope on thee is stayed;
> All my help from thee I bring:
> Cover my defenceless head
> With the shadow of thy wing."

I know where the singer sits—her sweet face turned my way. I see the sheen of her silvery hair, though the dark is thick between us. I see the great mother-love that looks from her humid eyes, and from every furrow of her patient face, as she rocks to and fro in the firelight, and I know full well where her heart is.

May the Father of us all be good to her.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object in its motive, the cottage has its pink, its rose, and its polyanthus; the villa its dahlia, its clematis and geranium. We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining years; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem to expand at the sight of the first blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems close and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and re-animates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a sort of melancholy than a joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not their intrinsic beauty or splendor that so charm us,—for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unperceived, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn;—no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season. To maturity they give pleasure, as the harbinger of the renewal of life; to youth, they are an expanding being, opening years, hilarity, and joy; and the child let loose from the house riots in the flowery meads,

> "Monarch of all he surveys."

There is not a prettier emblem of spring, than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket, wreathed with butter-cups or orchises and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live, as with our neighbors, in harmony and good order; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

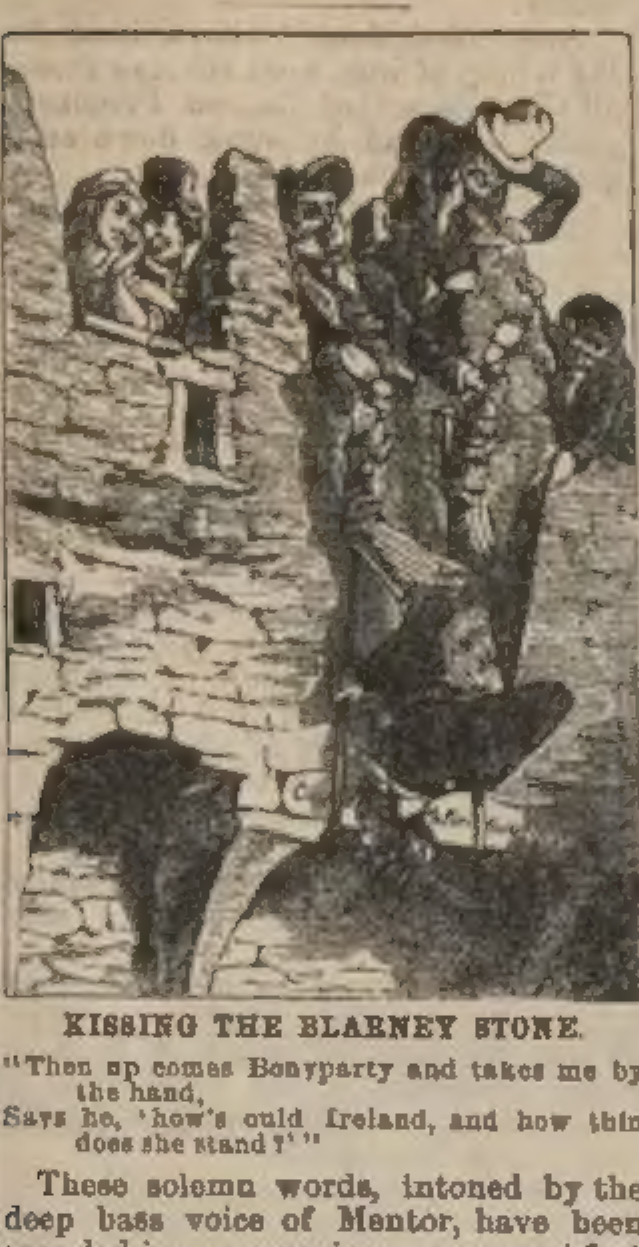
THE blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him and go beyond his ken, on their perilous mission.

IT is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexations.

TRUST him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.

NOTES FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

BY PEREGRINA.



KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE.

"Then up comes Bonyparty and takes me by the hand,
Says he, 'how's ould Ireland, and how thin does she stand?'"

These solemn words, intoned by the deep bass voice of Mentor, have been sounded in our ears since ever we set foot on Irish soil. We candidly reply, at all times, that she stands very high in our estimation just at present. It is certainly a delightful country for the ramblings and sojournings of a tourist.

We had a pleasant ride up the river Lee, in a miniature steamer, as far as Cork, where we engaged a species of wagonette to take our party, numbering ten, out to Blarney. The drive was charming, especially to our eyes, wearied with seeing nothing but the unvarying sea-scape from morning till night. The green hedges, the fields, the flocks of gloomy and spectral rooks, the walls overgrown with ivy—country life had never before appeared to us one half so charming.

We reached Blarney in high spirits, and at once commenced to make the tour of the castle. Of course, you know that it was built by one of the McCarthys, four hundred and thirty years ago, and, in spite of its extreme age, it is a pretty good-looking house yet.

The far-famed "Blarney Stone" is quite inaccessible, being twenty feet below the [illegible] without any more danger than you would experience were you suspended over a pit two hundred feet deep, without any visible means of support. The guide down stairs told us that the usual plan followed by visitors was, for all the gentlemen to first kiss the stone, and then kiss the ladies. Soon after hearing the above fiction, we missed Juvenal and one of the young ladies from our party, and subsequently found them at the greatest elevation of the tower, gazing absently about them. Juvenal insisted that he had kissed the *stone*—but we forbore to question them further.

We drove back to the hotel in a regular Irish pour, but what of that?

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days *must* be dark and dreary."

We put up our umbrella, and pretended we enjoyed it—perhaps we did.

Any one who is about to visit Ireland should be provided with a pair of overshoes, a good waterproof cloak, and a stout umbrella, for it rains here, on an average, say about three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Forewarned, forearmed!

After consulting all our guide books, and asking advice of all our friends, we concluded we would go to Killarney, *via* Glengariffe and Kenmare. So behold us starting on our journey, all tucked up in an exaggerated kind of a jaunting-car, and prepared to do battle with the elements. A journey in this novel style is delightful; if you don't believe it, just try it! Our course was southward, and crossed the mountains of Kerry. The road lay sometimes through extensive peat-bogs, then over barren hills; or wound along by the beautiful Inchagula Lakes. We passed so frequently from wild and picturesque to lovely and romantic scenes, that our raptures were stilled, and we could only sit and gaze, unwilling to break the spell by words.

Early in the afternoon we entered the Keimaneigh Pass, a narrow gap between rugged and precipitous mountains, the road through which, we were told, was built by the Romans. Strange that the Roman and Irish modes of constructing roads should be so similar!

We passed a great many old castles in this drive, their walls overgrown with ivy. Indeed, ruined castles and abbeys are "scattered around loose" all through Ireland.

Glengariffe is delightfully situated at the head of one of the arms of Bantry Bay, and has all the advantages of pure sea air, combined with exquisite scenery. A mountain stream hurries past to the right of the hotel; and, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the house, after tearing and foaming over huge black rocks, it hurls itself into the bay over a precipice nearly twenty feet high. As the body of water is large, and the black rocks churn it up into the whitest of foam, the effect is beautiful. A charming place to spend some weeks, especially to the devoted disciples of Izaak Walton, and to all those who are fond of the flavor of the delicious Irish salmon.

Soon after leaving Glengariffe, and climbing the mountains high enough to give us a lovely view of the bay, we came in sight of Barley Lake, a tiny little gem set in a depression of the mountain, nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its outlet shone like a silver ribbon descending the rugged steep, and it was lost to sight in the valley below.

Many years ago, a chieftain in this part of the country, thinking here was a waste of good material, determined to make the water of the lake into whisky, and thus secure for himself a never-failing supply of *potheen*. So he bought up all the barley in the country, and had all the loads carried up the mountain and emptied into the lake, performing at the same time the proper incantations and ceremonies. Strange to relate, the little lake has never yielded anything stronger than barley water. To make up for this deficiency, there are numerous stills, kept in the huts on the mountains, where the peasantry can manufacture their potheen on the sly, and "no one be a bit the wiser."

Kenmare, a nice little town on Kenmare Bay, is chiefly associated in our minds with the idea of luncheon—we having arrived there in a famishing state, and, after the lapse of an hour, gone on our way rejoicing. Since the days of the Atlantic telegraph, people in Valentia consider themselves as being kind of next door neighbors to the Americans. They tell the following story of Mrs. Daniel O'Connell:

When she was last in Dublin, and trying to engage a housemaid to return with her to Valentia, the girl wanted to know if it was not very lonely there. (We all know how hard it is to persuade an Irish girl to like the country.)

"Oh dear, no!" said Mrs. O'Connell. "Why, we live in the next parish to America."

"Och, an' sure, mum," said Biddy, "thin I'm the gurl will be for goin' wid ye. Shure I'se a brother in Ameriky this blessed minit, and it would plaze me to be so near him."

To describe our drive into Killarney would be simply impossible. The first view of the three lakes, seen from the top of the mountains, was magnificent, and from there on to the village the scenery was everything that heart could wish. There are enough places of interest around these far-famed lakes to detain the enchanted visitor for weeks at a time. And yet, the tourists usually pass them by in a couple of days. The lakes themselves, are soon done, but the islands are full of interesting ruins—there are mountains to climb, and waterfalls to visit, as well as numerous walks to take, in search of the rare and curious Killarney fern, that is found in no other place in the world, and which is so delicate, that it cannot be persuaded to grow in any other place without the protection of glass.

Mucross Abbey, the most beautiful and best preserved ruin in Ireland, is situated not far from the lower lake, which can be reached by a lovely and romantic path, known to this day as the "Friar's Walk."

The building is completely covered with ivy, which hides lovingly the ravages time has made on its walls. The cloisters are wonderfully preserved, with a large and most ancient yew-tree in the centre of the court, whose years may be counted by hundreds.

We adopted the usual route of tourists for seeing the Gap of Dunloe, going in one of those delectable jaunting cars, as far as practicable, up the pass, and walking the rest of the way to the head of the lake. Just before we got into the "Gap," our driver stopped before a little whitewashed cottage, and out stepped a funny little old [illegible] one hand and a pitcher in the other, to sell to the "jolly American ladies" some of her mountain dew, a horrible mixture of fresh goat's milk and whisky.

Of course, we all took some just to see what it was like, and all made faces over the horrid *smoky* stuff. "What's *your* name?" asked Mentor. "I'm Kate Kearney, yer honor." "You don't say so! Why, you're not as good looking as your grandmother, are you?" "I couldn't say, sir," replied the old woman. Whereupon Mentor began to warble:

"O have you ne'er heard of Kate Kearney?
She lives by the Lake of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney!"

The old woman listened to the whole song, with the most rapt attention, and when he ceased, curtesied, with the most gratified air on her wizened countenance, and said: "Thank yer honor! Long life to ye, sir, and a pleasant journey!"

About half way through the rocky pass, a freckled, bare-legged woman, with hair streaming in the wind, came running to meet us, holding towards us some photographs. "Well, now, now, who are you? Why should we buy *your* pictures?" "I'm the Colleen Bawn, sir." "You are! And what the mischief do they call you that for?" "Bekase I'm so pretty sir!"

Poor, misguided thing! It was a sad hallucination, for she was really one of the ugliest creatures we had yet met with.

* * *

APPARITIONS.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

Under this title congregate, naturally, our ghost stories of last Christmas. Imagine, if you please, a family party, including our pastor's assistant, a professor from the University of X——, a merchant from the West Indies, an undergraduate, and the writer. These, with a few ladies who, disdainful of European precedent, have *not* left the dessert table for the drawing-room, are engaged "in cozy after-dinner talk across the walnuts and the wine," and the conversation turns upon apparitions. At this the children present brighten up, and, half pleased and half scared, prepare to listen. The topic has been introduced by some reference to "materialization," at the mention of which, the merchant from the West Indies asks whether it is not the latest improvement of spiritualism, and, being answered in the affirmative, proceeds, as the papers express it, "substantially thus:"

"When my father was in America, I saw a deal of that sort of thing at home. He was a Norwegian, and, therefore, had a spice of superstition in his nature, despite his legal training. He was also endowed with what the Germans, in my college days, used to call 'a point of tangency for the doctrine of converse with disembodied spirits.' My two sisters were as much interested as he, and the one who was not a musician was a medium. I don't mean that one has anything to do with the other; but I mention it because, under spiritual influence, Lilian would not only play and sing as well as Ianthe, but she would extemporize both words and music. Well, father, who was musical himself, was delighted, you may be sure. Evening after evening we had what might be called *seances*, and I declare Lilian's performances bewildered *me*. I knew she had no musical and not much poetical taste, and yet to hear her was like listening to an Italian *improvisatore*. But father eventually put a stop to the thing. The spirits began to take liberties. My sister's face, while under the 'influence,' would be distorted as in the cases of demoniacal possession in Apostolic times; and, at last, one mad wag began to behave like a bull in a china shop, and after annoying father, by breaking one or two old family relics, he or it treated us one night to a grand crash, gotten up regardless of expense on our part. Then getting out of patience, he forbade the entire party of spirits to come to the house; and, strange to relate, they took the hint and kept away."

"Your story," says the student, "reminds me of the behavior of the thing in the house of Wesley's father, and of the 'Drummer of Tedworth,' about which, as they are familiar to most people, I shall say nothing; but there is a story connected with the academy where I fitted for college, which I imagine you have never heard. Long before my time, the boys in the last dormitory, and perhaps, also, the tutor, who had a little room on the same floor, had been bothered by an unaccountable footstep in their hall. I have heard it myself, and, I can tell you, it is not nice to listen to—gives a fellow a general sensation of creepiness. For many months after the buildings were up, the mysterious student, whose name was not on the rolls, disturbed the school discipline, without being made amenable to it himself. At length it so happened that one of the teachers was brave enough, or poor enough, to be glad of a room in the building during vacation. The story had got out among the townspeople about the steps, and when they heard of the poor tutor's bravery, and his living in that lonely way, they said something would come of it. And they were right. Something did come of it—but not immediately.

"The 'walking gentleman' seemed at first to respect the tutor's courage, or to deem it not worth while to perform for an audience of one. One evening, however, when the tutor had returned later than usual to his lonely room, he heard the ghost. By that time he had so completely forgotten him, that he took him for an earthly visitor, and finding that he stopped at his chamber door, and did not knock, got up to let him in. Not finding anybody, he went back to his book; but he was soon disturbed again. It was an unpleasant step in itself, quiet, cat-like, an echo of a human step, as a ghost is a sort of echo of a human being, and it was all the more ghastly on that account. Prompted by a desire for as much of human companionship as was to be had at that hour of the night, the tutor, while the step crept up to his door, went to the window and looked out. The view of over the way was not very cheerful, as the window commanded little prospect but that of a dead wall. However, a man was walking on that side of the street, and his presence was reassuring; and, strange! the ghost in the hall seemed to be keeping step with the man over the way! The man [illegible] the corner. The ghost was [illegible] exor- tutor had [illegible] the step so like an echo, cised [illegible] echo."

"That case," says the rector's assistant, "is one of the thousands that admit of explanation. But what do you say to this, which is authentic—a child heard crying at midnight in an empty house?"

"Cats," the doctor suggests.

"Or to this," continues the assistant, slightly flushing—"this actually happened in my native town, and I have it direct from the clergyman, whose wife saw the figure. The mother of a well-known physician promised him on her deathbed that, should he ever earn money enough to buy the house they lived in, she would give him, if she could, some sign of her approval and continued love. He did earn the money; and one snowy morning went to pay it, and have the deed for it sealed, signed, and delivered. He left his wife at home, and with her sister and a third lady to keep her company. While the three sat in the parlor, sewing and watching the falling flakes, the door opened, and in glided the trim, prim figure of a little old lady up to where the doctor's portrait hung, looked at it, turned, glided out of the door, and was gone before the three ladies had recovered from their amazement. But two of the three ladies had recognized the doctor's mother. They followed her, at least into the entry, at once. Nothing there. They went into the garden, and all round the house—not a footprint in the snow. They searched from garret to cellar—save the servant, the children, and themselves, not a creature in the house."

"Except the cat," says the doctor.

"But," interposes the professor, "the cat could not have personated the old lady." He pays no attention to a *sub voce* growl of the doctor's, about "Not so much difference in many cases as to puzzle an average cat"—and goes on his turn:

"I bought a country seat once, and had scarcely begun to feel at home there, when my servants grew restive about a figure seen in the grounds, and heard to approach the doors, and even to knock. I suspected a trick, of course, for the figure always disappeared before the ghost seers reached it, and never appeared when the door was answered. But, at last, my faithful old African, Pete, determined me to look into the matter. He was a consistent old Methodist, and he was in earnest about that apparition. He, like the other servants, had heard the sounds, but, unlike them, he had seen the figure face to face. 'It came, sir,' said he, 'when I was sawin' wood 'bout dusk in the barn, and looked at me wid de sorriest eyes eber you seen. 'Twas dressed in dark clothes, and stood dar 'bout half a minute, and, profess', ef he comes agin, I'll arsk him, in de Marster's name, what he's arter? To make a long story short, I watched with Pete. I, too, heard the sounds, and sprang to the door to find—nothing."

"Any dead-walls about your place?" asked the doctor, with a glance at the student.

"No, sir," returns the reverend professor, smiling; "nor would they have accounted for my more than once seeing the figure—for its vanishing before I could get up to it, always, not into the bushes, or round a corner, but into the air, one instant in the middle of an open space, the next, nowhere! It was not very troublesome, and we spent that summer at the place, but I have never been able to solve the mystery."

"Nor has this"—here we take up the thread in our turn—"ever been explained; namely, a momentary vision of my own, when a child, of a living face, hideous, mocking, horrible. I was looking over a fence at a neighbor's turnip patch, with half an inclination to help myself, when, glancing round, I beheld the thing. I can account for it only by supposing that the devil was at my elbow tempting me about turnips, and that I turned so quickly he had not time to get out of the way."

"The first sensible word," cries the doctor, "I've heard from anybody but the student. We are scaring the children. Let's change the subject."

Willingly, with but one word to the reader. However we may fail to explain or account for them, all the foregoing statements may be depended upon as authentic.

THE SATURDAY

PEOPLES
ILLUST
A PICTORIAL PAPER
PURITY, LO

Vol. V. PITTSBURGH,

[We request the careful attention of the readers of

OUR
BOYS
GIRLS

GOLDEN CORN.

BY F. S. MILLS.

The Fairies of the Field of Golden Corn.

Once upon a time there was a prosperous farmer, named Giles. He owned a thousand acres of well-cultivated land, and grew very rich from the result of his toil.

His next neighbor was a new settler in those parts, his name was Peter Pippin, and he owned only a hundred acres and was very poor.

But the children worked in the fields much harder than the paid servants of neighbor Giles, and Peter said (it was springtime then), that if he only had a good harvest, he would buy more land, and would soon save money, too.

And little Peter, who was the youngest of seven, and named after his father, because his brothers had used up all the names of their well-to-do relatives and friends, wondered why he couldn't help, but his father said he was too young to do anything, except carry their dinners to the fields, and that was helping a little; so he had to be contented with the hope that he could do better when he grew older.

But Peter did a great deal more than any of them.

One day, when he was carrying the dinner as usual, he nearly fell over a great stone, and then sat down to rest awhile.

No sooner was he seated, than he heard a voice, which seemed to come from underneath the stone—a musical little voice like the chirrup of a bird—only the birds don't sing in words we understand, while this tiny voice said very distinctly:

"Get up, and let me out."

Peter did as he was told, and tried to move the stone, but it was very heavy, and he only succeeded in drawing it a little way. He had moved it sufficiently, however, and there came from under it such a tiny little man no bigger than a single ear of corn. He was dressed all in golden cloth, which glittered in the sun.

"What a squeezing you gave me, sitting there," said the little fellow, good-humoredly.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," began Peter.

"That's something," said the little man, and he took out of his pocket the tiniest black cap you ever saw—no larger than a single grain of wheat, and deliberately put it on.

"There," he said, triumphantly, "I've got my invisible cap on, and you can't see me."

"Yes, I can," said Peter, who wouldn't tell a story to please anybody.

"You can, can you?" shouted the little fellow; "then you're all right." And he rolled about the grass so funnily, that Peter couldn't help laughing quite loudly.

"I tell you what," said the sprite, knowingly, "you're the seventh son of a seventh son, and I'll take care of you." Then he rolled himself under the stone again, and disappeared from view.

Peter rubbed his eyes and waited, then as his little friend didn't come again, he took up his basket and continued on his way.

When he returned with the empty basket, the little man was there again sitting on the great stone waiting for him.

"What a long time you keep a fellow waiting," said he, quite snappishly.

"Indeed, I didn't know," began Peter, in affright.

"I know you didn't—it's my way—give me some dinner."

"Indeed I haven't any."

"Not a crumb?" said the little man. "Dear me, and I'm so hungry!"

"I'll go home and fetch you some," said Peter.

"Perhaps there's some crumbs in the basket," said the manikin.

There were a few, and Peter spread them on the stone, and apologized for the poorness of the fare.

Then the little fellow ate a few of the crumbs, and put the remainder into his pocket. Then he told Peter to look into the basket again.

Peter did so, and to his great surprise there lay, where the crumbs had been, an ear of golden corn!

"How many grains are there?" said the sprite, and Peter counted them.

"Seven," said Peter.

He thought there were many more, but when he counted them there were only seven.

"How old are you?" said the manikin.

"Seven," said Peter.

That was his age to a day.

"Right," said the little man. "The seventh son of the seventh son seven years old, with seven grains of golden corn! Sow them at harvest time, and see what you shall see."

Peter promised to do as he was told.

Now Peter Pippin never sent a poor man from his door, and his wife frequently blamed him for what she termed his extravagant generosity. One day a little, lame old woman came and asked for a loaf of bread. Peter was not at home, and his wife refused the request. The little old woman waved her stick around the house, and hobbled on her way.

Next she came to Farmer Giles', and as he was a miser, it wasn't likely she would get much help there. He not only refused her in an unkind way, but he pushed her into the path, and told her to seek help somewhere else, for he had nothing to give away.

Then the little old woman waved her crutch over her head, and continued her journey wearily.

After that, a great blight came, and all the corn that Farmer Giles was growing, withered away, and the rats infested his granaries, and there was a curse upon the place.

Peter Pippin was not much better off, for not one ear in twenty came to anything; and he was much perplexed, for his wife grew more peevish and cross than ever.

But when harvest time came, little Peter showed his treasure to his father, who laughed at him for his pains.

They were sitting in a cornfield at the time.

"Throw that rubbish away," said Peter Pippin, and little Peter did as his father commanded, and obeyed the queer little dwarf also, for he dropped them one at a time as he walked away, quite crestfallen.

No sooner had he sown the seven grains of golden corn, than the whole field was full of golden ears—such a crop as never had been before, and very likely will never be again.

Then Peter Pippin rubbed his hands joyfully, and ran after little Peter and kissed and caressed him, and asked if it was real!

But it was real, and there were more wonders yet to come, for Peter met the little man again, and he conjured a tiny golden scythe into Peter's basket, and told him to go and reap what he had sown.

And little Peter went to the field again, and no sooner had he began to reap, than a thousand little fairies sprang from among the stalks, each armed with a tiny little scythe, and they commenced reaping too.

Then other little fairies came and gathered the corn in sheaves, and as they gathered the corn grew up again, and it seemed as if their work had only just commenced when they had got nearly half way through.

Then one of the fairies waved her wand as a signal to leave off, and they all commenced eating from the tiniest little lunch baskets imaginable.

Peter never knew that the fairies ever eat anything, but these were working fairies, and that made all the difference, perhaps.

They commenced to work again, and they labored all that day and the next.

When they had gathered a thousand sheaves of corn they disappeared, and Peter Pippin found his field in the same condition as it was before little Peter had sown the golden grains.

But the fairy sheaves had filled all the granaries, and Peter Pippin commenced his own harvesting full of rejoicing; and he succeeded always after that, and he bought the thousand acres of Farmer Giles, and I believe he is a rich man now.

He says his good luck came when little Peter fed the hungry dwarf with the crumbs out of his basket, and I think so, too; for most of our good luck springs from a generous action, and although there are no fairies hereabouts, there is plenty of "golden corn" for willing hands and generous hearts.

◆

Meeta's Hen.

Out of the brown hen's fifteen chickens it happened that one was lame, and feeble, and could not run out with the rest, so it was left to die; but little Meeta finding it, and hearing a cry, was so sorry for it that she put it in a basket half full of feathers, fed it with meal, and tended it as if it were a baby.

And her brothers and sisters laughed at her.

"See the wonderful hen that Meeta has taken," said they, "such a splendid fowl; no doubt it will one day make her a fortune, or at the very least she will get a prize for it at the fair."

The lame hen laid a golden egg.

At once the entire family began to quarrel about the egg. Each claimed the hen that had been so despised, and the only one who was not heard at all, was Meeta.

Meantime, the father took the golden egg to a goldsmith.

"Where did you get this?" asked the goldsmith, astonished.

"That I shall not tell you," answered the father. "It is your place to melt it, and tell me how much it will make."

By-and-by, the father brought the goldsmith more golden eggs, and the goldsmith, who was more curious than before, said, "We'll see if he can't be made to speak out."

So he went to the King, and told him that one of his subjects, who had lately been poor, had brought him a great many eggs of solid gold, and ordered him to make them into money, but he refused to tell where he got them.

The King was at once as curious and eager as the goldsmith, and sent his officers to bring the man before him.

"Where do you get your golden eggs?" asked the King, in a voice of thunder, as soon as the man was brought before him.

The father fell on his knees.

"Our Meeta's lame hen lays them," said he.

The King sent at once for the hen.

"It is not right," said he, "that any one but the King should have this wonderful treasure."

By-and-by the hen laid an egg, and the officers carried it to the King; but, alas! it was not of gold, but of lead; and on it was written, "Cursed is the King who robbeth the innocent."

"This is your work!" said the King to his trembling officers, and ordered their heads to be cut off. Then he himself kept guard over the hen, and by-and-by the hen laid another egg; but it was of iron, not gold, and on it was written "Stolen."

The King, in a rage, seized the hen, and attempted to wring her neck; but the hen slipped through his fingers, and flew out of the window. The King, started after the hen himself, tripped on the stairs, and broke his neck.

Meantime, the hen flew into Meeta's bosom, and in the confusion, nobody in the palace could tell where it went. Meeta went home, and found her father and brothers terrified out of their wits by what had happened.

"Go away," said they, "with your hen. We want no more golden eggs."

So Meeta went away, and the hen laid her so many golden eggs, that she became rich and great; but what happened to her and the hen finally, I don't know.

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,

The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem," "Silver Rifle," "Weptonomah," Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH.

"Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally justice
Triumphs." —*Longfellow.*

"*Mon Dieu!* I might have known it long ago!"

These words, as the reader will doubtless recollect, fell from M. Dumas' lips, when he discovered the true identity of the man he had struck in the shadow of the tree.

Standing aloof from the girl, who faced him with flashing eyes, he stared at the person on the floor.

"He is my father," repeated Kate, breaking the silence. "A short time ago I discovered the secret. Until that terrible hour I had never suspected the hidden truth. How well he has kept his secret you know, M. Dumas."

"I am sure our commandant knows it not, and he has held many talks with Cougar Dick and your father," said the Frenchman, smiling at the conclusion of the sentence. "But is he dead?"

"Dead? No," cried Kate, turning to the prostrate man. "We must do all we can for him; the wound may not be mortal. Come, to the couch—my bed—with him."

The soldier obeyed the girl, and the wounded man was placed on the couch of soft skins.

He was not dead, but his eyes were closed, and the lethargy into which he had fallen promised to end in death, unpreceded by consciousness.

When he had been placed upon the couch, Kate rose and looked at the assassin.

"M. Dumas, you have not denied that you struck him?" she said, half interrogatively.

"I did strike him," he answered; "the blood on my knife is his."

He spoke with a tinge of triumph—revenge—in his tone. Perhaps he thought of the quarrel in the fort, which was still fresh in his mind, and the parting threat still rang in his ears.

The man he had stabbed had sworn to take his life, and he was ready to justify his act by the plea of self-defence.

"Murderer, you may go," said Kate, with a firmness that startled the Frenchman, and crimsoned his temples with anger. "To my home never return. Your knife has deprived me of my father, and henceforth I will live beyond the baneful shadow it throws. Depart, and think of the friend you have basely slain. He has been your friend, M. Dumas, through thick and thin. Last summer, at the risk of his life, he saved you from the hickory switches of the traders, and in a thousand and one other ways has he befriended you."

"I struck Richard le Cougar, not Daniel Seymour," said M. Dumas. "The chief was seeking my blood."

"Then the darker is your crime," replied the girl. "You have slain an innocent man. Go! with all the weight of sin upon your guilty soul, and if you have a conscience, may it lash you over the rugged rocks of remorse. Go! I say."

With quivering finger the impassioned girl pointed to the open door, and the Frenchman slowly retreated.

"Do not think that all ends here," he said, sullenly. "Catharine Seymour, I am not going to give you up. He is beyond reach of surgery now;" and he glanced with an unmistakable expression of triumph at the painted renegade. "Long before a surgeon could reach him from the fort, the waters of death will have laved his feet. I go but to return. *Bon soir, ma chere.*"

His foot was on the threshold, and he was turning to leave the cabin, when a groan from the couch startled him. Kate sprang to her father, who was trying to rise, and the Frenchman retreated no further.

"Kate, Kate, you know it at last," the renegade said, faintly, when he felt her hand on his painted forehead.

"Yes, yes. My curiosity discovered the secret. I found the chest, and God forgive me, I read the paper."

"The paper about yourself?"

"No; that one which told me that you were Cougar Dick."

For a moment he was silent. He did not see the motionless soldier near the door; he was looking into Kate's eyes filling with tears.

"I cannot tell it all, because I cannot call time my own," he said. "Is *he* here?"

"If you ask for M. Dumas, he is here," replied the girl; and the assassin came forward, with his hand on the hilt of his knife.

"Yes, I am here," he said, with a smack of defiance in his voice. "What do you want with me?"

The eyes of Daniel Seymour looked from beneath the stained lids at the soldier, whom he recognized.

"I asked for you," he said; and then he spoke to Kate: "Water! Not to drink, but to wash my face. I am going to die in my true name."

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the MONTHLY to Announcement on the fourth page.]

The girl rose and hesitated. There was no water in the house; none nearer than the spring close to the little stream already mentioned in this narrative.

"Go," said the renegade. "He will not touch me, for already he has struck me to the death."

At this, the girl left the house with a pail, and the assassin and his victim were alone.

Seymour, looking more like himself than Cougar Dick, despite the paint that covered his face, and brawny arms, reclined on his elbow on the low cot, and looked into M. Dumas' eyes.

Stare and counter stare lasted for several moments without a word.

"Where is my child?" asked the renegade, at length.

"I do not know. I told you in the fort that I did not, and I repeat my words again."

"M. Dumas, I did not ask you for a lie. Tell me the truth. I am dying. I could not strike you—I am too weak. The hand that choked you to-night could not throttle a babe. Tell me what you have done with Leono—my red child."

Without reply, M. Dumas rose and went to the door. The brilliant moon was shining on the clearing, and he saw Kate at the spring with the bucket. She was the only person in sight.

Then he returned, and with folded arms, looked down upon his victim.

"I will tell the truth," he said. "Leono is dead. I threw her into the river. She was not your child."

"But I loved her. I found her long ago—a babe. She was clinging to the breast of a dead mother. Ever since she has been mine. Look! there is Kate!"

Instinctively M. Dumas turned, and that moment, with a cry resembling the cougar's note of rage, Red Dan rose from the cot and fell upon him!

"A life for a life!" he hissed, pushing the soldier to the wall. "You shall cross the river with the man you have slain!"

M. Dumas struggled, surprised at the strength of the man whom he believed was about to die—and found his knife wrenched from his grasp. But he prevented the renegade from using the blade, by his persistent struggles, and before the wall was reached the foemen went to the floor together.

Once the outlaw struck his foe; but the thin blade snapped against the collar bone, and the knife was rendered useless.

M. Dumas uttered a cry of pain when the wound was given, and the next moment he found cold fingers on his throat. Tighter and tighter the grip became, and he saw that Seymour was already dying.

That grip was the horrible synonym of death, and the Frenchman's struggles grew less marked.

Where was Kate?

The soldier thought of the girl whom he had seen returning from the spring.

Why did she not come?

All at once a dark figure crossed the threshold with a bound, and a wild cry filled the house.

It roused the outlaw chief, and, quickly releasing the soldier's throat, he staggered to his feet.

For a moment he gazed at the new comer, and then, with a loud cry, reeled and dropped on the couch like a dead man.

The Frenchman's cry—a cry of horror—followed the renegade's fall, and he stood in the middle of the room staring at the person who had entered.

It was not Kate. It was the ghost of the Delaware girl on earth.

A moment's stare, and the Frenchman darted past the intruder, who was none other than Leono.

A single bound and he cleared the house—flying, as he confidently believed, from a spectre. Out into the moonlight and across the clearing, at such pace the guilty had never fled before.

The girl did not attempt to arrest his flight until she gazed for a moment on the man who had fallen on the cot—the man she still believed was Cougar Dick, her father.

So still he lay she thought him dead, and all at once, spurred by the fierce impulse of revenge, she darted to the door. There was a rifle in her hands, and the Frenchman was a black object on the edge of the clearing—fleeing still.

She looked a second, and the gun struck her shoulder.

The next instant a sharp report cleft the air, and the living target was seen to fall to the ground.

A smile of triumph passed over the scarlet face of the beautiful slayer.

"He lied to Leono," she murmured. "She loved Pretty Sword till he proved that his tongue was forked."

She was turning into the cabin, satisfied with her shot, when four figures suddenly came in sight.

They were appoaching the house quite rapidly, and Leono was reloading the rifle, when a woman's voice fell upon her ears.

"We are friends, Leono. I am here!"

"The White Bird!" said the Indian girl, joyously. "She has sheltered Leono's father."

Then the two girls met, and Leono saw Kate's companions — two British officers and a giant Indian.

The renegade's white *protege* led the way into the cabin, and a cry of astonishment fell from Seymour's lips.

"Martel Kensett, I wanted to see you," he said, looking at his old enemy. "Will you listen to a dying man?"

"I will listen," was the reply. "Go on."

"No; I can't," and the renegade fell back gasping. "I—I——

Kensett sprang to his relief, and raised him to a sitting posture.

"One moment of time! Kate, the chest!"

The following moment Kate was on the ladder that led to the garret, and Leono came forward with wonderment in her dark eyes.

Her father, painted like Cougar Dick, was talking like Daniel Seymour, the renegade.

There was a mystery here she could not grasp, and she dropped before the skins, and looked into his eyes too mystified to speak.

CHAPTER XX.

WHICH ENDS THIS HISTORY.

Love rules the court, the camp, the groves,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love!
—*Scott.*

The fact that Daniel Seymour was dying could not be concealed.

He sat on the couch, the strong arm of his old enemy about him, and one of his hands rested in Kensett's palm.

The spectators of the scene were the hunted captain, Greville Kensett, the giant, Christopher Gist, in the garb of an Indian, and the astonished Leono.

"Kensett," said Seymour, catching breath, "who set you free?"

"Gist," was the reply.

And the speaker glanced at the guide.

"Were you followed?"

"No. Logstown is almost deserted. Everybody is at the fort, you know."

"Yes; I had forgotten it. Kate?"

"Here!" said a voice at the top of the ladder.

And the girl descended with the French officer's chest.

A minute later she placed it before the dying man, and, when the lid was lifted, he smiled faintly, and looked at Sir Martel Kensett.

"These tell the story," he said, in a whisper, with his hands on the papers. "Martel Kensett, you will take them away when you go. It is all over. The Frenchman's knife has revealed a dark mystery of two shores. I would have kept the secret longer, had I been permitted to live. You know me as Llewellyn Mortyn. Kate knows me as Cougar Dick, and——"

"As Llewellyn Morton," said the girl.

"And yourself, then, as Catharine Morton?"

"Yes."

"Poor, deluded girl!" said Seymour, in a voice full of pity.

"What do you mean, father?" cried, Kate, excitedly. "Have I still another name?"

"Yes; but the papers tell all. My life, my deeds are in this chest. Now wash my face, for *it* is here!"

Kensett felt a quiver pass over the renegade's frame, and lowered him to the couch.

With gentleness the vermilion dye was washed from his face, and the features of Llewellyn Mortyn, whiter than ashes, were revealed.

Then, with a loud shriek, Leono leaped to her feet, and would have fled, but for the arm of the guide.

"Hold on, girl. Stay and see the last of it," he said.

He held her gently, and, trembling like a frightened doe, her eyes returned to the metamorphosed man.

"Where is Gist?" asked Seymour.

"Here!" replied the hoarse voice of the guide.

"You know these woods, Christopher. Take the Broken Trail to Cumberland. You know it?"

"I know it," said the guide.

Then the silence of many minutes filled the house; the double character of our romance was near the gates of death.

His eyes were closed, and he was breathing like the dying.

All at once he started up and gained his feet.

"Warriors! the redcoats are mine! Now ends the trail! Cougar Dick will take revenge!"

With the last word on his lips, the renegade stepped back, threw up his red hands wildly, and sank into Kensett's arms.

Before he touched the couch, life was extinct!

Despite his desire, though his skin was white, Llewellyn Mortyn, the man of many names, had perished at last as Cougar Dick!

* * * * *

Midnight!

The silence of death broods over the renegade's cabin. The lamp stands in the streak of moonlight that crosses the table, but gives no light.

The house seems deserted. But it has a tenant.

On a low couch he lies, apparently in deep slumber, but the breast heaves not.

White is the face and cold—the pallor and feeling of death.

No one watches over the dead, and the moon, chary of her effulgence, as it were, throws a narrow ray of light over the upturned face.

There is the scalplock of the savage on the white man's head, the Indian's leggings and moccassins on his nether members. There are the arms of Tenarisscho, the facial expression of Cougar Dick, his scalplock, his earrings—presents from Contrecourt—but the eyes of Llewellyn Mortyn and of Daniel Seymour!

The dead is the tenant of the cabin!

Now the frontiers will rest in peace—the Scarlet Seven had reached the end of its lost trail. Cougar Dick will lead it to massacre no more. Nor will Red Dan spit his venom at the English again. The blow that the Frenchman gave for revenge has killed two men, and ended our romance.

But the moon sets in splendor, and the birds leave the brooks to sing their matins.

More than one is frightened by the dark object on the ground at the edge of the clearing.

It is the body of a man stretched upon the flowers, and the pale face, turned heavenward, is Lecour Dumas'.

It is a gory face, and the blood is clotted and cold over the eyes.

His hand clasps several summer flowers, evidently placed there after his death.

And the morning dawns!

In the cabin lies the Thunderbolt of the forest, powerless to strike his bitterest enemy. In the clearing, among the flowers covered with dew, sleeps the soldier of France—the man whose passion wrought his ruin.

Not many miles away the bacchante's voice, thick with wine and rum, stirs the air that quivers the lilies of the kingdom over the sea.

And a handsome soldier goes about the fort inquiring for two persons, Richard le Cougar, and Lieutenant Lecour Dumas.

It is M. Contrecour, the commandant. He will find them in time!

* * * * *

"Catharine Percy, will you listen to the confession of my heart?"

The speaker was a young soldier well known to the reader, and the beautiful girl he addressed was one whom we have known as Kate Seymour.

But why this change of name? Why does she turn to him and, blushing, acknowledge the name he has just spoken?

Reader, the papers that fill the outlaw's chest have been read, and the party who left him dead in his own cabin are protected by the British guns of Fort Cumberland!

Safely through the forest Christopher Gist has guided them, and he has listened to the revelations of the papers.

More than one secret the writing revealed. It told the heroine of our romance that Percy Castle, on the banks of the Tweed, mourned for its heiress, missing for years of mystery and sorrow; it told her how, after his quarrel with Sir Martel Kensett in his own armory, as told in our prologue, Lewellyn Mortyn stole the Percy child, and bore her to America; it told that he was in the wrong that stormy night when he met Sir Martel and took the oath which he had not been permitted to keep; it told how he had successfully played the *role* of Cougar Dick, and how he had kept the secret of his identity!

But what does the girl answer to the soldier's words:

"Greville, I have heard your heart's confession before this night," she says. "God brought us together that our loves might be welded, and prove our undying devotion."

Then he draws her to his heart, and as he kisses her, whispers:

"Forever, Kate, forever!"

"Yes, forever," says a rough voice that causes the lovers to start. "I'm glad I've lived to see this hour."

The speaker is Christopher Gist, and his great hands are put forth for an honest grasp of congratulation.

* * * * * * * * *

I hasten to the end of our forest romance.

Looking back, I will say that the guide met with no difficulty in rescuing Martel Kensett and his son, as Logstown was entirely deserted, and the guards easily overcome. His Indian disguise assisted him in the undertaking, and he reached the visinity of the renegade's cabin in time to find Kate at the spring.

There the fugitives paused until Leono's rifle spoke the Frenchman's doom, when they entered the house, as the reader already knows.

After a brief sojourn at Fort Cumberland, the party of escape, with the exception of the giant guide, set out for the eastern posts of the English army.

Already Leono had told the story of her escape from the river.

While Dumas, the soldier, was flying from the scene of his crime, Silver Serpent, who had witnessed the deed, leaped into the stream and rescued her. He had long been her red lover; but she never lost an opportunity to repulse his advances.

After many hours of captivity in the cave where he placed her, she made her escape, and was seeking her "father," Cougar Dick, when she unexpectedly appeared to the enemies in the outlaw's cabin.

Several weeks after the departure from Fort Cumberland the travelers reached the seaboard, and a vessel bore them to England.

A dusky but lovely face was among them. Leono was sailing under the flag of Great Britain to a home beneath a castle's roof.

What rejoicing filled an old castle when the long lost child returned—when Catherine Percy was folded to the bosom of an old earl, who had waited long years for his darling! I cannot describe the scene; its sacredness must not be touched by my pen.

Once more Sir Martel Kensett trod the halls of his ancestors; once more he entered the armory, and recalled Lewellyn Mortyn's oath—powerless now and forever more.

He saw his son take to wife the beautiful girl he had encountered among the forests of America—the maiden to whom he owed his life.

The castle was filled with joy, which, after pain and danger, is sweetest.

Leono never returned to her native woods, for she won the love of a handsome scion of a noble English family, and followed the example of her illustrious predecessor, Pocahontas, by marrying him.

Three years after Braddock's ill-fated campaign the French flag was lowered at old Du Quesne, and in its stead the red cross of St. George floated in the breeze.

It was a bloodless victory, for the English found the fort deserted and in ruins. In the centre of the parade ground a solitary grove was visible, and on the cross-like stone that marked the head the red-coated soldier read the name of Lecour Dumas.

And there, to this day, with the whirr and buzz of commerce above him, sleeps the passioned soldier of the French army—slain by the Indian girl to whom he had lied.

After their leader's death, the seven who knew his true identity, disbanded, and the frontiers ceased to know them as a band of destroying demons.

Christopher Gist lived to see French pride in America humiliated, and a new flag, with stripes and stars, supplant the crosses of St. George.

THE END.

YOUR EYES.

BY ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

What is that sacred well,
Wherein, as poets tell
(And they are wise),
Shut in its deeps fair Truth forever lies?
My tongue is silent, but my thought replies—
"Your Eyes."

What are those queenly stars
That o'er the violet bars
Of sunset rise,
One in the wave, the other on the skies?
How near my lips the loving answer lies—
"Your Eyes!"

And what is that clear hue,
That frank wide-open blue,
That still surprise,
When from the lake its fringe of shadow flies?
Low in my heart persistent echo cries—
"Your Eyes."

* * *

HARD TIMES!

OR,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.

Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COLVILLES AGAIN.

The Colvilles were to be found in new and plainer quarters very soon after the announcement of Mr. Colville's failure. They gave up their splendid house, their servants, carriage, etc.; their fine furniture and pictures were disposed of at auction; their whole mode of life was changed to simplicity and the most calculating economy.

It was necessary that this should be. The means of support left to them were very slender, apart from what Mr. Colville might be able to provide; and he was in no condition of mind or body to continue any business profitably. In fact, he was quite ill—his physical debilities united with that sickness of the heart which is worse than many more recognizable ailments. He had endeavored to bring something like honorable order out of the confusion of his affairs at the banking-house, but the general non-success of his efforts had worried him into a condition of nervous prostration and mental excitement that forbade any further attempt at fathoming his financial difficulties.

His partners had quite denied him their co-operation, saying that they were content to await the action of the law and of their creditors.

So poor Mr. Colville became ill and despondent over all his troubles and humiliations. He laid the perplexing accounts aside, and went to his family in a mood of mind that more than concerned them—it alarmed them. He showed signs of positive mental derangement. Bravely as he had yielded to the necessity of a radical change in their manner of living, he keenly felt the descent to obscurity.

Mrs. Colville and Eva had accepted the new order of things without a complaint or a single expressed regret—with entire cheerfulness, in fact. But Lucy Colville lamented continually, with little regard for her father's feelings or condition. Only when he grew positively ill, did she cease, or rather conceal, her repinings. Yet her face even then expressed her unhappiness, and her wretched father, whenever she was in his presence, was pained anew to behold the evidence of her discontent. He had grown morbid on two subjects—the desire to speedily lift his family into their old position again, and to discharge in full his obligations to his creditors, both, of course, impossible for a long time, even if perfect health were restored to him.

Deprived of the support provided, until his illness, by the husband and father, the Colvilles soon began to feel the pressure of actual poverty. Plain as was their style of living, as compared with what it had been, they found themselves unable to maintain even that.

Something must be done, or they would starve.

Now Eva Colville's plan was revealed by her to her mother and sister. She had kept it secret until the last moment, for the prospect of relief through her personal exertions hadn't become a certainty until recently.

"Mamma," she said, one morning, "I have all along been thinking of doing something to add to our means of support—poor papa is quite unable to do anything, you see. Will you not approve of my intentions?"

"Let me hear what they are first, Eva."

Eva hesitated a little; she knew the family pride, and she was not certain that even the good sense of her mother would prove strong enough to enable her to favor the proposition that was about to be made.

"Lucy will object, I know," said Eva.

Lucy at this moment entered the room.

"What did you say about me, Eva?" she inquired.

Eva grew bolder, since she was determined to make known her desire.

"I was about saying to mamma," she replied, "that I fear you will not approve of my acceptance of the offer of a position, just received by me, in which I can earn some money."

"You have not told me what it is yet," said her mother, suggestively.

"Oh, no, I forgot. The idea has been running in my own mind so long that it seems strange to give it as new. Well, this is what I mean: my former schoolmate Fanny Brooks——"

"That creature?" interrupted Lucy, contemptuously. "Why will you keep up your acquaintance with her, Eva?"

"Lucy!" spoke her mother, reprovingly, "why need you affect such contempt for Fanny Brooks? She is a charming girl, possessing fine taste, rare intelligence, and the best sense. But let Eva proceed. What were you about to say, my daughter?"

"Fanny is in Merle's gallery on Chestnut street, you know, and I have been endeavoring, with her aid, to get a position there also. I have succeeded at last, and if you will only approve——"

"Do you mean to say, Eva," demanded her sister, in a tone of dismay, "that you actually contemplated so demeaning yourself?"

"If mamma consents, I shall go," pursued Eva. "It is a charming place, full of beautiful objects, pictures, engravings, elegant articles of vertu—a very palace of art, in fact."

"And frequented by all our late fashionable friends," added Lucy, in the same shocked way she had displayed before. "Do you think of that, Eva. You will be putting yourself in that humiliating position in the view of the whole circle of our former associates. Everybody will know that you are there—you, the daughter of James Colville, behind a counter or at a table, selling goods to fashionable buyers! It will be terrible!"

"Not so bad as suffering from want," returned Eva, brightly. "Will it, mamma? You consent to my going, do you not?"

"Have you considered the matter well in all its aspects, my dear?"

"Yes, I think I have," said Eva, thoughtfully.

"Then, since the necessity for exertion exists, you have my consent to accept the position. But you must remember that if you are at all sensitive, you will be subjected to many slights and some humiliations as a consequence of your action."

"I shall feel that I am doing my duty, mama; and that consciousness will be a support to me. As to the position itself, I think I shall like it. Mr. Merle is very kind to his employees, and the pay is quite generous."

"You shall not go," broke in Lucy, vehemently; "I will not have it said of a sister of mine. If we must be nobodies henceforth, let us keep ourselves out of sight in the quietest way possible?"

"But," said Eva, gravely, "you forget that something must be done to secure us a living. Papa is ill, and nothing better than this position—nothing more to my taste, and more in accordance with my abilities—offers. We cannot very well take boarders."

"Boarders!" shrieked Lucy; "no, don't mention that!"

"Nor earn our living by sewing?"

"No."

"Nor by teaching—neither you nor I would fancy that, even if we were well qualified for it."

"It is hateful," declared Lucy.

"And we cannot give music lessons—our piano is gone."

"I wouldn't if we could."

"Painting and drawing are accomplishments in which neither of us particularly excel; we could receive but little for giving instructions in them."

"Bah!" cried Lucy, in disgust. "I couldn't have patience—such tedious, tiresome work!"

"Well, then, what *are* we to do?" said Eva, almost with a smile, serious as the subject was.

Mrs. Colville had listened to this exchange of words with pain, and yet with a consolatory interest also. Eva's brave, practical spirit was admired by the mother, while by Lucy's weakness, and foolish, but genuine, distress, she was moved differently.

The setting forth of their resources in the strong light that Eva had revealed them, caused Mrs. Colville great uneasiness, for not until now did she entirely realize how little they had to depend upon. Eva seemed to be, for the present, the only one to bring anything into the household treasury.

Lucy had not attempted to reply to her sister's question. She ignored the point by exclaiming:

"Oh, dear! I wish panics had never been thought of, or that I had never lived to see such dreadful times."

"When do you think of going to Mr. Merle's, Eva?" asked Mrs. Colville.

"To-morrow. I must go then, or the place will not be held for me."

"Oh, don't go, Eva," pleaded the foolish Lucy. "The holiday season will soon be here, and the gallery is always so thronged then. Wait till that is over; you won't be so much observed if you do not go for a month yet."

"What are we to do in the meantime, Lucy? You must not seek to dissuade me from doing my duty, and I feel that this opening is a providential offering that I ought not to delay in accepting. As to being *seen* there, I shall not be ashamed of that."

"But you will be noticed; everybody visits the gallery."

"Perhaps I shall be able to sell a great deal to them, and so give the greater satisfaction to my employer."

"You are determined to go, I see," said Lucy, despairingly. "Let me tell you one thing though," here Lucy's voice dropped involuntarily to a whisper; "Elwood Weston, contrary to what I believed he would do, has not given you up yet on account of our poverty, but when he knows this, he will forsake you, I am sure."

"Let him," said Eva, quickly, and yet with an effort. "I have no claim on him, and even if I had, if he chose to drop my acquaintance for no better reason than the one you suggest, I would be happy to have him do so."

"His attentions *did* mean something, I know," said Lucy. "He is very good not to forsake us when others of our gentlemen friends seem to have forgotten us, but I don't believe his pride can stand this next surrender of your social dignity."

"It will be subjected to the test," said Eva, with a mirthless laugh. "I wish though that you would not say anything more about Elwood Weston, Lucy," she added.

"Well, I won't; there will be precious little more to say, I do not doubt. He will not care to continue his calls after he learns what you have done."

Lucy was determined to have the last word, and the satisfaction of filling her sister's mind with troubling thoughts, for she knew that Eva had a tenderer regard for Elwood Weston than she was willing to have appear.

The next day Eva went to take her place at Merle's, in the elegant establishment where she had so often gone as a purchaser, never dreaming of such a turn of fortune's wheel.

Her mother parted with her, not in tears of humiliation, but of genuine sorrow, for the realization of their reduced circumstances was more painful than ever.

Her father knew nothing of her contemplated step; it had been thought best, in his excitable condition, not to inform him.

Lucy would not appear to bid her sister good-bye or wish her success. She secluded herself in her room, and wept over this further loss of the family's social dignity.

CHAPTER XII.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

True to his promise, when Mrs. Chaswick was able to leave her room and receive visitors—in fact, quite recovered—good Dr. Curtis took Nelson Chaswick with him to her home.

Though his hopes of a romantic reunion of parent and child had now fallen, the old doctor was very curious to see what would be the manner of the meeting of these two.

They arrived one evening at the Chaswick mansion.

It was with strange feelings, with emotions that in vain he endeavored to analyze, that the young man entered.

Sending up their cards, the two gentlemen awaited the appearance of Mrs. Chaswick.

She soon entered the parlor, very pale, evidently agitated, and with an anxious, yearning look on her face.

But there was not the slightest embarrassment shown or felt on the part of either.

A powerful, instinctive feeling of affection drew them to each other. They were friends at once.

The fine face of the young man lost its expression of reserve, but its slight melancholy was perhaps deepened, as he met the searching but tender gaze of her eyes.

With what a loyal grace he bowed before her.

And the thought that thrilled him as he stood there, was this:

"Oh, that such a woman were my mother!"

And this was the cry of her soul;

"Would that one like him were my son!"

Dr. Curtis, looking on, was mystified in spite of himself.

"I believe he *is* her son, after all," he said, in rising wonder, to himself. "How striking is their resemblance to each other! Is she quite sure that her lost child was a daughter? Dear me! how preposterous! I might as well ask if I am quite sure that I am George Curtis, M.D., and not my sister Margaret!"

Dr. Curtis drew a long breath, for his secret excitement had quite affected him.

Meanwhile Mrs. Chaswick and her young guest, brief as the time had been, had progressed marvellously with their happily-begun acquaintance, almost ignoring the good doctor's presence, so interested were they in each other.

Had they been strangers until this hour?

It did not seem possible, so marked with ease, interest and cordiality was their interview. Old friends could not have met with less conventional restraint.

More than this, some sweet, mysterious influence seemed to draw them together.

Each tried to analyze this subtle sympathy of feeling, but failed.

Was it mere congeniality of nature that formed the ground of this mutual attraction? Was it the coincidence of a name? the shadow of a personal resemblance? Or did the knowledge of each other's peculiar affliction—for one had lost an only child, and the other missed a mother's love—serve immediately to mellow their newly-found friendship?

It was these, perhaps, or it may have been more than these; but, whatever it was, each felt that it was a happy chance that had thrown them together.

When the visitors took their leave, the younger felt that the acquaintance he had formed was to prove an increasing richness to him.

"What do you think of our hostess?" was the doctor's early question.

"A lady of singular charms," was the reply. "I feel myself greatly privileged to know her."

"You are what I must call spontaneous friends, by which I mean you understood and liked each other on sight, without effort. If you *had* proved mother and son, as I was so sanguine you would, until I found it an impossibility, you could'nt have taken to each other more to my delight. I can't forget my romance either. If you are not the lost child of Agatha Chaswick, my young friend, you *ought* to be. I never saw such a fitness of things so brought to nothing before."

The young man was silent, yet thought was busy in his mind.

His mother! Ah! if that sweet lady only were such!

It could never prove so, of course; yet, as he pictured her face before him, such a vague, sweet, infinite yearning went forth to her in his soul, that it seemed as if only what was "impossible" in the case could be true.

The face of his dreams, of his ideal, had been met at last, but frigid fact denied him the blessing of finding that it was the face of her who had given him birth.

From that occasion of his first visit to Mrs. Chaswick he saw her very frequently. His love for her, and hers for him, grew daily, until the affection that existed between them was as deep and holy as ever bound the hearts of two human beings together. And the quality of that affection remained ever the same. It was not the love of "lovers," nor of Plato, but the warm, rich contentment, and constancy of affection that exists only between mother and son.

CHAPTER XIII.

A YOUTHFUL HERO.

"Paper! paper!" piped, tremblingly, a small voice, as if the owner of it was afraid he would be heard.

A muffled but shivering little figure stood on the wet street corner, partly sheltered by an awning, it is true, but very bleak, nevertheless. Under his arm he held a bundle of papers, the sale of which was his obvious desire.

It was our young, our very young friend, Freddie Woodson.

We retrogress to the period just preceding his father's arrest.

Comprehending the sad situation of things at home, he had heroically resolved to make an attempt to relieve it—heroically, we say, for Freddie was very young, had never before tried anything of the kind he now secretly purposed, and, moreover, was of a sensitive, shrinking disposition that illy fitted him for contact at his tender age with the rough world. He had a dread of newsboys—they seemed to him so pert and self-sufficient, which he felt he could never be himself. His nature, natively refined, was repelled by the coarse associations of the street.

But one of his boy-acquaintances, who had started in the world for himself at the early age of seven, had assured Freddie that "there was money in the trade," and had offered him, gratis, some advice and instructions, which he at the time had no idea of ever needing.

But the necessity pressed hard, and the brave boy, with an unwilling willingness, had nerved himself to make an effort to assist himself and his unfortunate parents.

He took his small capital, and purchased his first stock in trade.

If the weather was to be regarded, it was a gloomy beginning for him. But that very circumstance helped him in reality.

The passers-by, hurrying homeward though they were, noticed in the rain his diminutive figure, that seemed pitiful and pleading in itself, and, commiserating him, they purchased.

A glance at his anxious little face was followed by another, and the second even more interested them. His fair, intelligent features; his graceful awkwardness in attempting sales; the silent entreaty of his looks when some presence appeared too dignified to be appealed to, and the quavering earnestness of his voice when he *did* use it, all had their effect.

"Why, my little fellow," spoke one kindly old gentleman, who had approached him to buy, "you are young for the business. You are no bigger than *I* was when I commenced to sell papers."

"You!" exclaimed Freddie, surprised into a full tone of voice. "You never sold papers, did you?"

"Yes; on the street like you are doing. Give me two copies of each kind you have."

Freddie, in his surprise at learning that so prosperous looking a gentleman had ever been engaged in such a petty trade, and his joy at disposing of so many papers at once, was so confused that he could hardly get his numb fingers to select the desired numbers.

The old gentleman assisted him, and then dropped a note of small denomination into the boy's hand for payment, carefully counting the coppers he received in return as change.

Then, with an admiring look at Freddie, he said:

"You'll succeed, my lad, never fear. It does boys good to commence at the bottom; that's where I started from; and see where I am now."

The old gentleman concluded rather pompously; he evidently had an idea, too, that all that was necessary to any individual's success was to have him begin sufficiently low. If he failed then, it would be his own fault; he had had *the advantage of the right kind of start*, and what more could a man ask?

With a parting word of cheer, he then went on. He did not inquire into the boy's circumstances, feeling, no doubt, that he had done enough for him.

And he *had* strengthened Freddie's hopes and courage, that was very true.

"That nice gentleman sold papers once, did he?" reflected our young hero, with a new ambition entering his breast. "Maybe I will be like him some day; wouldn't it be grand! We'll have enough to eat then, I'll warrant, and panics won't trouble us a bit. I——"

"Get out of my way, you little brat," cried a coarse, savage voice.

So absorbed had Freddie momentarily become in his cheering soliloquy, that he had forgotten his immediate circumstances and position. The huge, hurrying figure of a brute of a man ran square against him, and as a result, the little fellow was borne to the wet pavement.

"Mind yer eye then," snapped the man viciously; "you come near throwin' me."

"Did I?" said Freddie, meekly, as he struggled to his feet. "I—I was——"

The man had passed on, but now another voice spoke:

"You look cold and are wet, my little man. You are young to sell papers. How many have you got?"

The tones of the speaker had a kindlier ring than even those of the grand old gentleman who had before addressed our young hero.

"Twenty, sir; won't you buy one, please?"

"I'll take them all," said the gentleman.

"All!" echoed Freddie, in incredulous delight.

"Yes; take them in that store yonder; it's my store," he said, pointing across the street. "I'll pay you there."

The gentleman preceded him in the direction indicated, and when they arrived at the store, gave him the money for the papers.

"You must be a great reader, remarked Freddie, innocently.

The gentleman smiled.

"Are you hungry?" he then asked.

The little fellow had too much of his father's nature in him to admit that.

"I've money to buy food with now," he answered, both thankfully and independently.

"Well, run along home then," said the kindly man. "If I see you selling papers another cold, wet night, I may want to buy some more."

"Thank you, sir," said Freddie, brightly. And he left the store for his home.

He entered there in high glee.

"I've done so well, mamma," he cried, bursting into her room. "I've sold all out, and see here at my money! There's enough to buy us all a breakfast, with some left to get more papers. It's a nice business, mamma; I didn't mind the wet."

"You have, indeed, done well, Freddie," said his mother, looking with a loving pride into his glowing, young face.

"Where is papa?" he asked, anxious now to relate his triumph to his father.

"He went out," replied Mrs. Woodson, in a tone so marked with uneasiness that even the enthusiastic boy noticed it.

"Won't he be back soon, mamma?"

"He ought to be here now, Freddie. It is very stormy and cold, is it not?"

"Stormy, mamma, but not cold."

"You did not feel it, Freddie; your excitement kept you warm. Oh, I do wish your father would come. It is getting very late."

"Shan't I run round to the grocery, mamma, and get something nice to eat? By that time papa will be in, perhaps."

"Don't go to-night, Freddie, please; you will find a little in the pantry. You can wait on yourself, can't you?"

"I guess I can, and on you, too, mamma," returned the boy, proudly. "Is Eddie asleep?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, then, I won't wake him; but I'd like to tell him how much I've got."

"Never mind about it now, Freddie. Go to bed yourself as soon as you can. I wish I could see you confortably there; and," she murmured to herself, in increased anxiety, "I do wish John would come—I—I——"

She could not go on; she recalled the look and manner of her husband as he left her, and painful apprehensions invaded her mind.

But John Woodson, we know, came not that night, nor the next day.

We will not attempt to picture the distress of his wife and children, as yet uncertain of his whereabouts.

Freddie felt that he must go again as newsboy—indeed, the necessity was now greater than ever.

Returning at an early hour, he brought one of his unsold papers to his mother.

Looking anxiously over it, her eye saw this paragraph:

"ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.—*Last night at a late hour, a party of burglars were discovered trying to break into the rear of the residence of Edward Dixon, No. — Broad street. That gentleman himself, hearing their efforts to obtain ingress, hastened and gave the alarm to some of the police force, on duty near. Coming to the spot, two of the officers entered the house and attempted the capture of the burglars from the rear, while two others watched at an alley-way to apprehend any endeavoring to escape by that way. Two of the housebreakers were caught—the others got off. One of the arrested men gave his name as Tony Drake—since recognized as an old offender—the other, John Woodson. They will be committed.*"

John Woodson! Her husband's name! His absence was thus terribly explained.

"Oh, Freddie!" gasped the stricken woman, "your father's name is——"

She checked herself; she could not communicate the dreadful intelligence to her boy.

"What, mamma?" asked he, innocently. "Do you see anything about papa?"

"Take the paper, Freddie; take it and burn it," she answered strangely to him. "It does not tell the truth," she muttered passionately to herself. "My husband never stole, nor attempted to steal. I remember what he said and how he looked; but he could never be guilty of such a crime—never, never!"

We draw the veil over the dreadful days that followed. The effect of what she had learned upon Mrs. Woodson was distressing beyond measure, and yet singular.

She seemed to be vitalized by the knowledge of his imprisonment, charged with crime. She had been sick and unable to attend to her domestic duties; now she arose, and in the sternness and despair of her sorrow went about the house—went to the prison where her husband was confined. She had not thought him guilty, one moment from the first; after her first interview with him, the utterness of her belief in his innocence was agonizing to her. Oh, that others could see it as she did! For she looked with the soul's sight into his heart, and saw that he had not fallen.

All this excitement wore dangerously upon her system. Of course her strength was factitious; she had been shocked into a false condition of vitality; and the reaction was to follow.

It came when she learned of her husband's acquittal, for John Woodson's innocence was established at the trial. The confession of the real villain was not needed even to secure a verdict of "not guilty."

Then in her joy and her weakness true Mary Woodson nearly died. An illness, severer than any she had ever before experienced, took her down to the very verge of the grave.

But she again rallied, and was able to attend to her household work, with the aid of her husband and Freddie.

During this time how did this unfortunate family sustain themselves?

Ah! that is a record only heaven kept sight of. Their sufferings and their needs were not published as was the untrue story (happily rectified at last, however), of the husband and father's disgrace. They asked no charity, accepted none. Shrinking away from the notice of the world, they struggled on through those weeks of want and sickness, hoping that the tide would turn ere long.

John Woodson chafed exceedingly, but his wife maintained an unwarying cheerfulness.

"The Lord is good to us at least," she said. "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. The weather is not bitter—the cruel snow does not come. Oh, if we had been so unfortunate last winter, John!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELLING HIS RIGHTS.

A good story used to be told of the old fashioned relations between masters and servants in colonial times in New England. A gentleman in the neighborhood of Boston hired a farm servant, to whom he became much attached because of his fidelity and thoroughness in all kinds of work. But one habit of the servant was very offensive. He kept his hat on in the house, and even in his master's room.

The gentleman, after long annoyance, determined to correct the habit.

"John," said he, kindly, one day, "you always keep your hat on when you come into the house."

"Well, sir, haven't I a right to?"

"Yes, I suppose you have," was the reluctant reply.

"Well, then, why shouldn't I?"

This the gentleman was not prepared to answer, so he determined on another line of attack.

"Now, John, what will you take—how much more wages will you ask to take your hat off when you come in?"

"Well, that requires consideration, I guess."

"Take it into consideration, then, and tell me to-morrow morning."

In the morning John presented himself promptly.

"Well, John, have you considered?"

"Yes, sir; I guess it's worth a dollar a month."

"It's settled, then, John. You shall have another dollar a month."

John was satisfied. He had maintained his rights, waving their exercise for a consideration.

The gentleman was also satisfied. He retained a good servant, who reformed his only bad habit.

* * *

Simple Music.—How much greater is the power of an old song, with simple air and words, than of those more difficult and artistic ones which sometimes throw the professional musicians into ecstasies of delight. It may not be because there is more music or more feeling to them; but these are endeared to the hearts of the common people through familiarity, and associated with home scenes of love and affections, and appeal to sentiments and feelings that could not be awakened, no matter how artistic, or sparkling with gems of beauty. When these have become familiar and associated with the loves and joys of a lifetime, then they will also become "household words," and awaken the same feelings; but, until such is the case, give us the simple, old-time songs.

* * *

The blush is Nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

THE ROSE AND THE BEE.

One lovely morning in summer, sweet Blush Rose opened her fragrant petals wet with the dew of the preceding night. She grew in a fine garden, and was surrounded by a profusion of other fair plants. But the rose is the acknowledged "queen of flowers," and never was a more exquisite blossom than the one of which I write. A deep pink blushed at her heart, and faded to a rosy flush at the tips of the velvety leaves. It raised her head and smiled brightly upon a world where everything seemed fair. The sportive breeze came and kissed her with soft, yet gay caress, as it murmured a love-song in her ear. The bold sun cast his dazzling beams straight to her heart, and she trilled with the warmth of his advances. A humming-bird poised himself above the blossom in admiration, and Blush Rose listened curiously to the whirr of his gauzy wings. Last, a great droning bee came buzzing along, and lit right in the heart of the indignant blossom.

"What do you mean?" she cried, trying in vain to cast off the unwelcome burden. "Do you not see that the weight of your clumsy body is more than I can bear without bending beneath it. Upon my word, you are the sauciest fellow in the garden!"

The bee paid but little attention to the sharp words of the rose, but busied himself in collecting the materials for his store of sweetness, humming away all the time in a not unkindly voice.

"Why do you complain?" he said, at length, as he rested for a second. "I am only taking what you can spare without injury either to your beauty or your life.

"Every other visitor has treated me with deference and respect," replied the rose, "but you force yourself upon me in the rudest manner. The breeze, the sun, the humming-bird, and the butterfly have all paid tribute to my charms, but you are selfish, and care not for me, if you can only get what you want for yourself."

To this the bee answered, calmly:

"You mistake, my dear little rose, your false friends for your true. You say the breeze and all your other flatterers have treated you better than myself. I will tell you what they have done. The breeze came first, and tells you, what he tells every newly-opened flower each morning, that you are the fairest and best; and he bore away on his wings a part of your perfume, and swept off some of the dew that nourishes you. The sun, in turn, made love to you, and his kiss burnt away still more of your precious dew. The humming-bird and butterfly poised a moment to admire you, and then forsook you for some new attraction. Next, I came, and saw in you a higher good than mere beauty—though my heart is not insensible to your loveliness—and I gladly sought to gain from your sweetness the material that shall help to furnish food for hundreds of my kind, and a delicious dainty for the tables of men. Long after you have passed out of existence the golden honey which I and my fellow-laborers have gathered from such as you will be eaten."

Left to her own reflections, the rose began to consider upon what the bee had said, and, as she felt the increasing heat of the sun almost overpower her, she visibly drooped, and at last fell asleep, to dream that the sun scorched her, and the breeze blew her mercilessly about. Waking in a great fright, she reproached herself for the pettish words she had spoken, and the next morning greeted her clumsy friend with a bright smile of welcome.

"I hope I have some honey for you," she said, sweetly. "I am but a short-lived thing, as I see by those of my kind fading around me, and if I can help you in any way, I am glad to do it."

"You are a sensible little rose," buzzed the bee, approvingly, as he nestled down among the fragrant leaves, "and I never saw a sweeter-hearted one."

After a few days Blush Rose began to fade, and then, indeed, she perceived the truth of what the bee had told her. The sun's glances were no longer loving, but pitiless and fierce, and they scorched and withered her poor petals, while the careless breeze scattered them upon the earth. The humming-bird and butterfly passed her without a glance, but the bee thought of the honey she had given him, and hummed regretfully as he passed the spot where she bloomed her little hour.

* * *

A Philosopher's Question.—When Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was making preparations to wage war against Rome, Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his expectations as to the result of the career upon which he was about to enter.

"To subdue Rome," answered the king?

"What will you do next, sire?"

"I will conquer Italy."

"And what then?"

"I will subjugate Carthage, the whole of Africa, and Greece."

"And when you have conquered all that you can conquer, what will you do then!"

"Do? I will sit down, and spend my time in peace and comfort."

"Ah, sire," said the sage, "what prevents you from sitting down and spending your time in peace and comfort now?"

* * *

Too True.—A few friends will go and bury us; affection will rear a stone and plant a few flowers over our grave; in a brief period the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. Every vestige that we ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest interest to any living being.

* * *

A few minutes' devotion at night will not clear the conscience of a foul trick done during the day, nor will going to church on Sunday atone for the wilful sins of a week.

* * *

Only the love that is life can make life what it ought to be.

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The field gives all that frugal Nature needs,
The wealthy garden liberally bestows
All she can ask —*Cowley*

We love a garden. There is scarcely a day in the year in which we do not find something in it to admire and gratify us, or some pleasing employment to occupy our spare time. A garden and a wife were amongst the first gifts bestowed on man:

"The fairest garden in her looks"

Fond, however, as we are of gardens, we would appear to be excelled in this respect by the Japanese. Every one of these singular people, both rich and poor, have a garden; the latter, if possible, both in front as well as in the rear of their cottages. In them they cultivate the plum and the cherry, not for the fruit, but for the flower. By a peculiar treatment they improve them so much as to make the flowers become as large as roses. Indeed it is stated that plum blossoms have been seen four times the size of our common cabbage roses. In the season, when they are in full blossom, these trees afford a delightful sight in the gardens, and about the temples, and public walks.

They also practise the art of dwarfing trees to a great extent. The system is not confined to a few sorts of plants, for they can dwarf all. We have seen a box offered for sale in which were flourishing a fir tree, a bamboo, and a plum tree, the latter in blossom. The box was only three inches long and one inch wide. 1,200 florins was asked for it. Another very small box contained miniature specimens of every tree that grows on the Japan Islands.

The Japanese also pay great attention to their forest trees. They do not allow either their firs or cypress trees to be cut down without the permission of the local magistrate. The cedars grow to a large size, some of them being eighteen feet in girth. All the temples in Japan are approached through thick avenues of evergreen trees. We think it was Pope who said that a tree was a nobler object than a prince in his coronation robes. This appears to have been the idea of the Japanese, from the care they take of them. They also enjoy that soft, fascinating, and what may be called poetical odor, which emanates from groves of cypress, clumps of cedar, and other evergreen trees. This odor may be considered as a natural, living, and growing incense offered up to heaven at all seasons of the year, and at all times, by night as well as by day.

We are indebted to the Japanese for our beautiful camelias, and we are not sure whether this is not the case with the Chinese peony, as representations of it may be seen on some of the Japan fans. It is certainly not indigenous at, or propagated in Canton, from which place, however, most of our varieties have been imported. It will always hold the first rank amongst flowers. It is a curious fact, that almost all the plants we have hitherto derived from Japan are either hardy or nearly so. For instance, the Pyrus Japonica is not only a beautiful but perfectly hardy shrub, and it is to be wondered at that it is not oftener planted as a protective hedge in flower and kitchen gardens, instead of hornbeam or laurel.

The Signs of Health.

Health invariably declares itself by visible signs. A person with a sallow, haggard visage and attenuated frame may declare that he is "in perfect health," but if he does, don't believe him, for he is not. His looks belie him, and his asservation is mere bravado. Few persons, except hypochondriacs, desire to be thought unwell. A fresh complexion, a clear eye, a happy expression and an absence of leanness, indicate that their possessor enjoys good digestion, sound sleep and a vigorous circulation, three essentials of health which are fortunately not beyond the reach of invalids. The surest medium for their attainment is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which by purifying the blood banish sallowness, and by promoting perfect digestion and sound sleep, keep the body well nourished, and impart to the face the placid expression indicative of a clear and unwearied mind. The Bitters are far more conducive of good looks than any cosmetic that ever humbugged the credulous.

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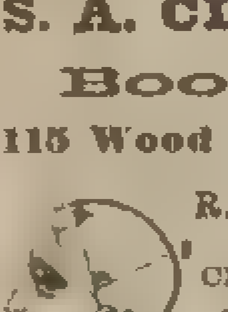

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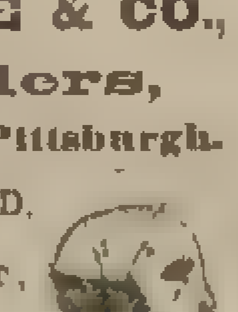

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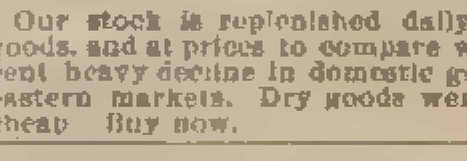

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SAMPLES & PRICES [illegible]

"Always ask your Stationer for ESTERBROOK'S PENS."

TRY THEM!

The Boudoir
FASHION NOTES & QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Now that we can with truth declare the reign of the long, dark winter to be over, and in the welcome notes of the birds recognize the voice of the longed-for spring time, the changes in costume in this our realm of fashion are as marked as in the flowery world. The fresh, delicate tints appropriate to the season appear on every side.

We are glad to welcome back the deep, tender blue, unmixed with green or violet tints, that was the delight of our childish eyes; or the fresh, clear pink, and deeper "peach blossom" that matched so well the rosy cheeks and lips of the sweet, young faces they were wont to adorn before "solferino," "magenta," and a host of other combinations usurped their rightful places.

We noticed some time ago the tendency shown to return to primary colors, and quite anxiously waited to see whether it only was "a tendency," or whether the new season would bring decided confirmation of this step in the right direction.

Of course, these bright, fresh tints are only appropriate to fresh, young faces, or, at any rate, must be used with extreme moderation by those who have passed their "*premiere jeunesse.*" Very happy results may be reached by judicious blending of grave and gay in color. To illustrate our meaning in this respect, we can do no better than to describe a charming costume for the promenade, destined to be worn on a bright, warm day.

The underskirt was of a dark shade of iron gray, the texture limousine. It was simply made. The lower part was trimmed with a kilt plaiting of the same, headed by two puffs and an upright ruffle. The overdress was of a light, cold-steel color, also limousine. It was a deep, square apron, slightly shirred, and trimmed around the bottom and up the sides with cut tape fringe of the same shade as the underskirt. At the back two long, straight scarf ends, each a breadth of the cloth in width, and lined throughout with thin silk of the same shade as the "tape fringe," were looped in two festoons, and knotted together. The sleeves of the basque, collar, and pockets were of the dark iron gray, the collar lined with silk. The corsage was of the light gray, and cut postillion shape, with long tabs at the back, which had revers of silk at the bottom, and a row of steel buttons.

The hat was of the lightest shade of pearl gray, a soft felt, with a wide halo front. This front had a bias fold of clear, pink, twilled silk put on an eighth of an inch from the edge. A rouleau of the same pink, intertwined with another of a deeper tint, bordering on the "peach-blossom" hue, was passed entirely around the under part of the brim. On the left side of it was a spray of syringa blossoms, while on the outside of the hat were clusters of crab-apple blossoms—the pale, open flowers, and the deep-tinted, closely-crimped buds. A scarf of gray damask was loosely twisted around the crown, and tied in a double bow somewhat to the right side.

A pink necktie of India silk, worn under a clear muslin "choker," and gray kid gloves, scallopped on the edge, completed this most charming toilette, which not only had the merit of being in perfect taste, but of being equally becoming to blonde or brunette beauty.

A black silk suit, intended for reception and dinner wear, was made with a very long train, and no overskirt. There were three knife pleatings across the back widths, alternated by three bias flounces of the same depth as the knife pleatings, and gathered on. The front and side breadths were trimmed with shirrings of silk arranged to simulate a square tablier, and alternated by ruches of crimped tape. Around this tablier was a row of thread lace five inches deep. At the sides were two long straight scarfs of silk, lined with satin, and edged with the same lace. These scarfs are looped back over the tournure, and formed a graceful, irregular drapery there.

The corsage was a Marguerite basque, which has the novelty of whalebones inserted in the side forms, and extending to the bottom of the basque skirt, fitting smoothly over the tournure.

The sleeves were puffed longitudinally, and had a deep square cuff at the wrist, edged with thread lace. The neck had a high quilling of the same, which was also brought down upon the bust in a square or Raffaelle form. Bows of satin ribbon combined with faille closed the front instead of buttons.

If worn in the carriage, there was a black thread lace bonnet with a shallow crown resting upon a double rouleau of cream-colored India silk. The flowers were lilies of the valley, moss-rose buds and anemones. A long scarf of white tulle was fastened at the back, and intended to be brought round and crossed on the bust as strings. A tiny cluster of flowers, to match those in the hat, held it in place there.

A dress for a girl of fourteen was of navy blue limousine, combined with similar material in ashes of roses. The underskirt was plain, with two rows of ribbon bows down the front. These bows matched the color of the dress. The overskirt was of the ashes of roses tint, and made quite deep and plain, piped on the bottom with a blue silk cord. It was looped slightly at each side and drawn away towards the back. The half tight-fitting basque was of the same tint as the overskirt, double-breasted, and edged with gray fringe. The sleeves, collar, and revers, also pockets, were blue. Gray chip hat, lined with blue, and trimmed with a gray scarf, completed the costume.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A novelty in neckties consists of a strip of white or black tullle, six inches wide, and a yard in length, embroidered on the ends in floss silk, either white or colored.

Lace made of linen thread, in very graceful designs, will be much used to trim summer toilettes of Mexicaine, etc.

Sheer muslin ties and tarleton bows are very fashionable.

Many of the new hats have a large brilliant bird directly on the top of the crown.

Long scarfs of pale gray grenadine are worn by ladies just returned from abroad over the face and twined about the throat, in a "cloudy" sort of way.

India cashmere overdresses of delicate tints are worn for the house over black silk skirts. The shape is simply a long scarf, loosely knotted behind.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

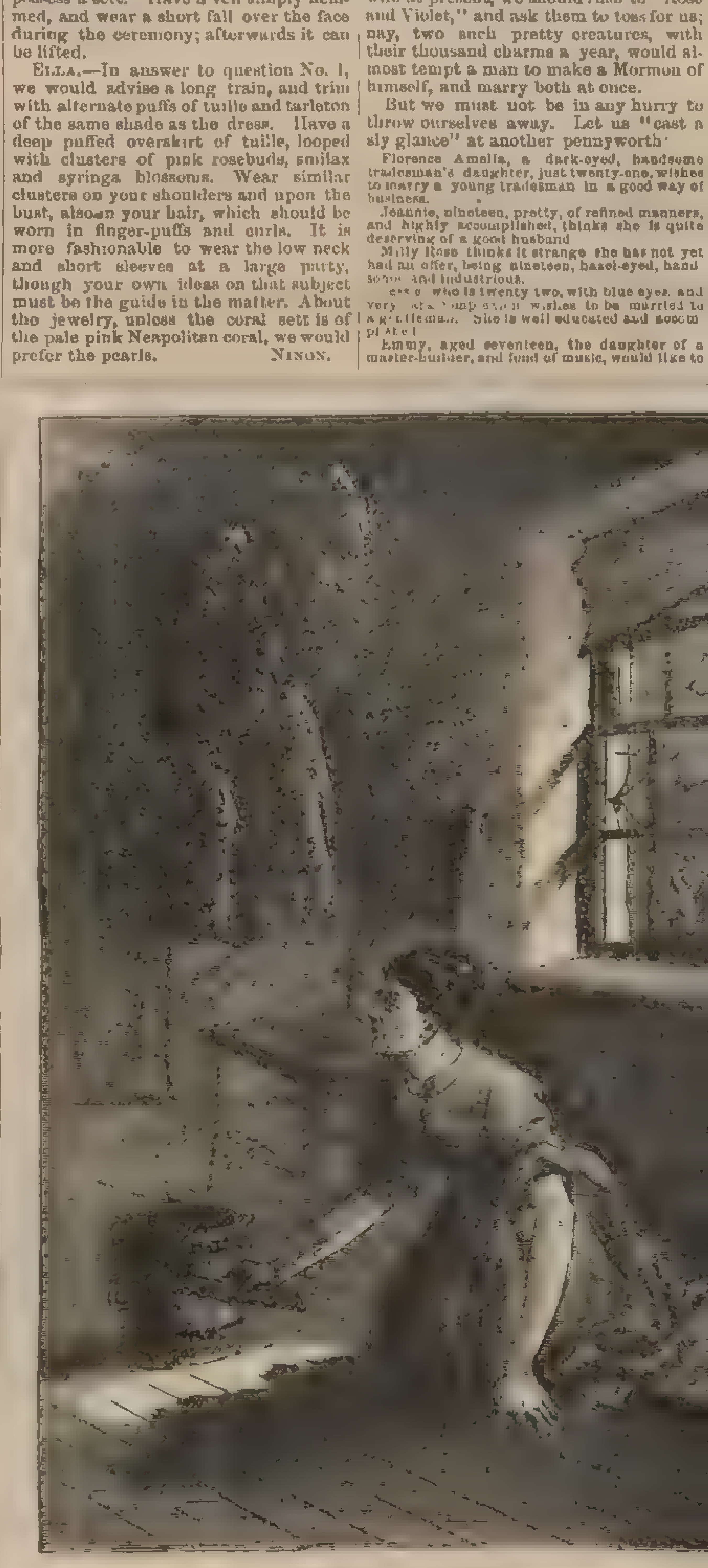
NETTIE R.—The combination you allude to, would certainly be striking, but we hardly think in good taste.

MISS NANNIE G.—1. The prettiest way to make your black silk is to trim with knife-blade pleatings and shirring. Have a deep apron overskirt and basque. If you send stamp for reply, we will answer more in detail. 2. It is a little early yet to make your grenadine. A little later some prettier fancy may be developed. 3. Prices for full sized patterns vary according to the garment desired. We are very happy to answer any questions, and consider it no trouble whatever.

LIZZIE.—We would advise you to make your dress with a very long train; trim at the bottom with a knife-blade pleating and pouffing of tuille; above place a row of the lace, if of fine quality and deep enough to be handsome. We would suggest trimming the front of the skirt en tablier, with puffs of tuille and sprays of orange blossoms, intermingled with jessamine buds or spirea. Wear pearls if you are fortunate enough to possess a sett. Have a veil simply hemmed, and wear a short fall over the face during the ceremony; afterwards it can be lifted.

ELLA.—In answer to question No. 1, we would advise a long train, and trim with alternate puffs of tuille and tarleton of the same shade as the dress. Have a deep puffed overskirt of tuille, looped with clusters of pink rosebuds, smilax and syringa blossoms. Wear similar clusters on your shoulders and upon the bust, also on your hair, which should be worn in finger-puffs and curls. It is more fashionable to wear the low neck and short sleeves at a large party, though your own ideas on that subject must be the guide in the matter. About the jewelry, unless the coral sett is of the pale pink Neapolitan coral, we would prefer the pearls.

NINON.



ROMANCE AND REALITY.

HUSBANDS WANTED!

BY E. S. H.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this."

We do not suppose that many of the readers of THE POST ever see a copy of the cheap sensational papers published weekly in London. There are five or six of them, only costing a penny (two cents)—indeed, some only a halfpenny (one cent)—and nearly every one of them sets forth the names or initials of at least a dozen ladies, of all ages, who announce themselves as being desirous of a husband, and are kind enough to specify the charms of purse and person wherewith they are endowed. No matter how fastidious or singular the taste of a young gentleman who may be on the lookout for a wife, from the varied assortment which he can find any week in the papers to which we allude, he may surely contrive to suit himself.

Here, for instance, is a single instalment—we may call it one pennyworth—of such announcements, which form a very fair sample of the whole of them:

Lonely One, with a little property, and twenty years of age, wants a husband to protect her. She is tall, dark, and handsome.

Water Lily, young, and remarkably pretty thinks she ought to be married. She has a small private fortune at command.

Eve St. Clair, in her twentieth year, dark eyed, amiable, short, and stout, wants a home of her own.

Ada Emily Jenny, just nineteen, fair, blue eyed, and handsome, would like to be married as early as possible.

Julia H., who is housekeeper to her brother would like to be married. She is twenty-three a blonde, rather good looking, and would prefer a seafaring man for a husband.

Ellen, Agnes, and Dora, all pretty girls, want husbands. They are accomplished, and eighteen years of age.

Forest Maid, a pretty girl of seventeen, is not happy at home, and, therefore, naturally seeks happiness in the society of a husband.

Lalah Rookh would dearly like to be married. She moves in first-class society, and has £500 a year. She is eighteen, tall, and strikingly handsome.

Rose and Violet would like to correspond with two fair gentlemen. They are pretty and have each £1000 a year.

Clara C. C., tall, decidedly handsome, and a good dancer, wants a gentleman for a husband. She has no fortune but her [illegible]

Dark, fair, short, tall, slim, stout, handsome, pretty, slender, plump, brown-eyed, blue-eyed, black-eyed, with money, without money, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-three, twenty-four, and twenty-seven; we have all ages, sizes, colors, fortunes and complexions, and we think that any young man must be difficult to please, if he be not contented with one of this first batch. Indeed, as to "Lalla Rookh," who "moves in first-class society, and has £500 a year," and, moreover, is "eighteen, and strikingly handsome," we should fancy that any bachelor would fairly jump with joy to find that she was disengaged; and, when he learnt that she "would dearly like to be married," would hardly sleep a wink till he had carried out her wish. Money is no object, or should be none, in courtship, still, just think of "Rose and Violet," blooming in their lovely prime, and with such a fortune as that they both possess! Such pretty flowers can surely never wither in their solitude, especially if it be known that they have grown on such rich soil that each of them is worth a thousand pounds a year. Were it not that we, alas! are swarthy in complexion, and, unfortunately, happen to possess a wife at present, we should rush to "Rose and Violet," and ask them to toss for us; nay, two such pretty creatures, with their thousand charms a year, would almost tempt a man to make a Mormon of himself, and marry both at once.

But we must not be in any hurry to throw ourselves away. Let us "cast a sly glance" at another pennyworth:

Florence Amelia, a dark-eyed, handsome tradesman's daughter, just twenty-one, wishes to marry a young tradesman in a good way of business.

Jeannie, nineteen, pretty, of refined manners, and highly accomplished, thinks she is quite deserving of a good husband.

Milly Rose thinks it strange she has not yet had an offer, being nineteen, hazel-eyed, handsome and industrious.

[illegible] who is twenty two, with blue eyes and very [illegible] wishes to be married to a gentleman. She is well educated and sociable.

Emmy, aged seventeen, the daughter of a master-builder, and fond of music, would like to be engaged to be married. She is stout in figure, but very pretty.

Lizzie A., dark eyed, seventeen, and handsome, would like to be engaged to be married in a year.

Violet wants to be married to a tall man. She is tall, and very good looking.

Black Rose wishes to correspond with a German merchant with a view to marriage. She is twenty five, fair, and considered very good looking.

Gertrude, a young lady of moderate fortune, thinks herself old enough to marry. She is nineteen, tall, dark, and handsome.

Alice Love, who is twenty-nine, tall, dark, and slender, wishes to meet with a kind husband.

Rosebud, who is seventeen, and pretty, having rich golden hair, wishes to marry a tall young man, about twenty-four years of age.

Lizzie G., being twenty-eight, despairs of being married. She is of the middle height, has blue eyes, and good face and figure. She has no money.

Pauline, just seventeen, very pretty and very good, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to marriage in about a year's time.

Charming Pauline! sweet seventeen! "very pretty" to view! and "very good," too! Where can be the gentleman who is not eager and anxious to marry her at once, and will die if she, hard-hearted one! postpones him for a twelvemonth? And oh, poor "Lizzie G.," who, "being twenty-eight, despairs of being married!" Is the age of chivalry then really so far past that no champion will save her from wasting in despair? Twenty-eight! Why, women marry at eighty-eight, sometimes; so keep your heart up, Lizzie, some one yet may ask for it. As for money, faugh! Surely a man needs no other fortune when he marries, seeing that he hopes to get a treasure in his wife.

And, oh, ye single men, who live at home at ease, and smoke your nasty cigars, and dare to use night-keys, just think, you selfish brutes, of the sad fate of "Milly Rose," who, though hazel-eyed and handsome, and, what is better still, industrious, has lived to the maturely advanced age of nineteen, without even so much as ever having had an offer made to her. Poor girl! our heart bleeds for her.

Were we a widower and middle-aged,

we might find number two more suitably, perhaps, in the pennyworth that follows:

Ella Day is thirty four, and is sure she would make a widower of forty a good wife. She has the means of furnishing a home comfortably.

Edith Mary, aged twenty-eight, wishes to correspond with a gentleman not less than thirty, with an income of about £200 a year. She is good looking, and thoroughly domestic.

D. E., a charming young lady of high family, who leads a solitary life in the country, wants a husband. She is pretty and fascinating, and does not want to marry a very rich man.

Favorite would like to marry a gentleman by birth, education and conduct. She is eighteen, considered very good looking, and has property which yields £250 a year.

Mary G., who has good looks, but does not wish to speak of them, wants to be married. She has read her Bible, and knows that marriage is the destiny and honor of woman. She is twenty three.

Catharine E. B., who has dark brown hair, and soft brown eyes, with pretty features and nice figure, wishes to fulfil her woman's mission, and marry. She will have money.

How prettily this sweet Hebe, this soft-eyed "Catharine E. B.," describes herself as "wishing to fulfil her woman's mission," which, of course, means in plain English that she wants soon to get married. And who can help admiring dear, modest "Mary G.?" who will not speak about such worldly matters as her own "good-looks," but contents herself with simply and piously affirming that she "has read her Bible, and knows that marriage is the destiny and honor of woman."

How young men can be so selfish as to lead a single life, while there are such wives waiting for them, is a point which we may leave for moralists to ponder over. A tax upon old bachelors might, somehow, remedy the evil.

A GOOD CURLING STORY.

There are many good stories told of the excitement of curlers on the ice, says a Scotch paper, but we have never heard of a better one than this: A laird in Strathaven, who owned a quarry and was reported to be worth "a gay twa-three bawbees beside," was playing one day, and his foreman, whose name was Lawrence, was playing with him on the same side. The laird was very anxious he should take a certain shot, and he cried in this fashion: "Noo, Jock Lawrence, d'ye see whar my broom is? Lay yer stane doon there, and, as sure as death, I'll gie ye my dochter Jean if ye do it."

Birr went the stane out of Jock's hand, and went tintling along to the very spot where the laird wished it.

"Capital! Jock, capital! Ye couldna hae dun better, and ye can get Jean the morn if ye want her."

"Ye maun gie me something else than Jean, laird; I hae got her already. We were married at Gretna Green sax weeks since, and we've been thinking about asking your blessing ever since, but something aye cam' in the way."

The laird was dumbfounded when he heard the news, but he compromised matters by saying

"Aweel, aweel, Jock, I'll let bygauns be bygauns. A man that could lay doon a pat-lid like that is worthy o' the best and bonniest lass in Lanarkshire; keep her and welcome, and ye'll maybe get the matter o' sax hunner pounds wi' her. Keep her, Jock, and if ye hae ony laddie weans atween ye, bring them up in the fear o' the Lord, and be sure that ye dinna neglect to mak' them a guid curlers."

Kissing in China.—It is a singular fact that the custom of kissing is altogether unknown in China. The Chinese indeed have no word or term expressing love as we understand the tender passion. An American navy officer voyaging China-wards narrates an amusing experience of the Chinese maidens of the science of kissing. Wishing to complete the conquest he had made of a young *mei jin* (beautiful lady), he invited her—using the English words—to give him a kiss. Finding her comprehension of his request somewhat obscure, he suited the action to the word, and took a delicious kiss. The girl ran away into another room, thoroughly alarmed, exclaiming, "Terrible man eater! I shall be devoured." But in a moment, finding herself uninjured by the salute, she returned to his side, saying: "I would like to learn more of your strange rite. Ke-e-es me!" He knew it wasn't right, but he kept on instructing her in the rite of "ke-e-es me," until she knew how to do it like a native Yankee girl; and after all that, she suggested a second course by remarking, "Ke-e-es me more *scent jin* Mee-lee-kee" (Anglice—American), and the lesson went on until her mamma's voice rudely awakened them from their delicious dream.

A VICTIMIZED YOUNG MAN.

An amusing story is told of a young American gentleman who, while sojourning in Paris, invited two demoiselles to accompany him to the theatre. He secured three seats, and drove to the house of his fair friends, half hoping that one was indisposed, so that his felicity might be unbounded. The two were awaiting him, and their mother as well, who kindly invited herself to chaperon the party, and intimated that her daughters could under no circumstances go without her. There was no help for it. The four crowded into the carriage. No fourth seat could be obtained adjacent to the three already secured, or even on the same tier, and during three long acts the three ladies sat in a box, while our young American gazed at them with feelings unutterable from his seat in the parquet. The drama over, only cabs, with room for two, could be obtained to convey the party home. Here, then, was a dilemma—which young lady should he select as his cab companion? They were both charming, and the matter was difficult to decide. The old lady settled it, however, to her satisfaction, if to the annoyance of our now miserable countryman. "Hortense and Sophie, you go in this cab. Monsieur and I will follow you in the next." The young gentleman now thinks that French social customs are barbarous.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ All communications should be addressed to Walker, Reed & Co., Proprietors Saturday Evening Post, No. 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

Declined with Thanks.—Annie's Error. Who Would Have Thought It? For His Own Good. Bertha's Subterfuge. Cured by Jealousy. Dreaming. Can You Forget? Spring.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

T. B. S.—There is a work, thoroughly practical, of the kind you want, entitled "Forney's Catechism of the Locomotive," which we can get for you and send to your address, prepaid, on your remitting us the sum of three dollars.

Musician (New York).—The violin has four strings, the lowest covered with fine silvered copper wire, or sometimes, in the best instruments, with silver, or even gold wire. These strings are tuned in fifths, and the highest string is called the first. Any music dealer, or musician, will give you the information you want.

A Constant Subscriber.—We presume you allude to the poets Tennyson and Poe. Alfred Tennyson wrote "The Charge of the Six Hundred." Edgar Allan Poe wrote "The Raven." In the latter poem occur the words:

"Take thy beak from out my heart, and take
thy form from off my door
Quoth the raven—'nevermore.'"

R. F.—Although your MS. was not, we are sorry to say, suitable for publication, the habit you say you have of penning your thoughts, is one that will be more useful to you than you think of. If it is not productive of profit in one way, it will return a heavy interest on the time expended in improving your mind and giving you a habit of reflection.

Kate Staley.—Lent is the fasting time before Easter, which is observed as a church season of the calendar, and commences with Ash Wednesday, between which day and Easter Sunday (omitting the Sundays on which the fast is not observed,) forty clear days intervene. We regret that we are unable to answer your other questions, as we do not exactly understand them. Do you refer to any particular church denomination, and if so, which?

R. Brown (Chase Lake).—The mere declaration of intention of becoming a citizen, does not constitute you an American citizen, or entitle you to all the privileges and immunities pertaining thereto. You must, two years from the date of declaration of intention, make, upon oath or affirmation, a declaration of renunciation and abjuration of allegiance to your native country, and also affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States; you are then a citizen, but not before.

R. Green.—The meaning of the affix "logy," which is found in so many scientific terms, is "a discourse." It is derived from a Greek word "Logos," a discourse, which is changed into "logy," to form English compounds. Thus, we have the words Mineralogy, the science of minerals, or, literally, a discourse about minerals; meteorology, the science of meteors; ichthyology, the science of fishes; entomology, the science of insects; lithology, the science of stones; conchology, the science of shells, etc.

Widow (No. 1).—The difference in your age, although on the wrong side, would not be any objection, were everything else satisfactory, but the fact of neither of you having any money or visible means of living, and the still more serious objection of your being afraid that the gentleman "does not really love you," are quite sufficient reasons for us to advise you against thinking of marrying him. You surely don't need us to tell you of the impropriety of allowing him, under any circumstances, to take such liberties as those to which you allude.

Engineer.—The first locomotive built in this country was planned by E. L. Miller, of Charleston, S. C., and built in New York. It was a small four wheeled engine with upright boiler and water flues closed at bottom, and the flames circulating around them. It worked successfully for about two years, when it exploded; it was rebuilt with flue boilers. It was called "The Best Friend." The first effective locomotive built in the United States, was the Ironsides, built in 1831, by Matthew W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, for the Germantown Railroad.

Max (Brimfield).—It follows its regular course from year to year. If you will read up any school book on natural philosophy, you will learn more on this subject than we have the space here to give you. 2. We do not know of any. 3. You can, if you choose, obtain a patent direct from Washington, without the intervention of an agent. If you desire to do this, you had better write to the Patent Office, requesting them to send you the necessary printed instructions. 4. Our naval forces consisted, on July 18th, 1874, of forty eight iron-clads, sixty-three other steamers, and twenty six sailing vessels.

C. B. G. (Philadelphia).—It was utterly impossible for us to answer your question in No. 38, as that number has been printed off two weeks ago. We would not recommend you to have recourse to the remedy you speak of, without first consulting your medical man, and if he approves of it, he will be able to tell you where to go to obtain what you want. "A glass of blood, direct from the ox as soon as he is butchered," taken every morning before breakfast, would certainly not be a very pleasant beverage, and need not be taken except as a last resource, and when everything else has failed to cure the consumptive patient.

T. W. H.—"Where does the expression, 'I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober' occur, and who used it?" About the year 330 before the Christian Era, there was a king of Macedon, then one of the states of Greece, called Philip, who was very ambitious and warlike, and who in the later years of his life, managed to obtain the entire control of the affairs of Greece till his death. He had many vices and among the rest, that of drinking to excess. One day, just after he had risen from a banquet, he decided a certain law case unjustly. The losing person cried out, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober!" And sure enough, when Philip got sober, he decided the other way.

Smoker.—The question of genuineness of a meerschaum pipe is one which every tyro believes he can settle at a glance. He has a few simple and infallible tests, easily learned and readily applied; he talks about weight, tint, texture, sponginess, and assures us that if we are ever taken in only our own carelessness is to blame. It is a fallacy from beginning to end. There is no way of "telling" a meerschaum except to smoke it for at least a year. We may amuse ourselves with applying tests, if we like, but they will demonstrate only our fatuity. The dealer is as impotent to decide as anybody, so far as judgment by inspection goes, and if you ask him for his candid opinion, he will frankly tell you so.

Forsaken.—"There is a young gentleman in this city whom I have fallen in love with, but he waits on another young lady, and pays no attention to me whatever, excepting when I meet him. Please tell me how to win his affections, for I cannot live without him." We do not wonder at your being so anxious for us not to put even your initials or place of residence, as it shows you do feel some shame in writing such a letter, or rather in expressing such exceedingly foolish and unladylike sentiments. You must at once root out of your heart this silly feeling you imagine is love for this young man, who cares nothing at all about you and remember the proverb, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Widow No. 2 (Phila.).—You can get a sewing machine almost anywhere on the instalment system, paying so much a week or month, just as it suits you best. This is the only way we can suggest. 2. Your second question, signed "An old maid," took us by surprise somewhat after your having just told us of your being a widow, very comely looking, and with such a flock of children," that you had quite given up all hope of ever getting another husband. Now you say you have never had a proposal of marriage and you cannot account why the men are so backward about proposing, as you are considered 'tolerable good looking,' with black hair, black eyes and fair complected," and you want us to tell you where the trouble lies. Now, what are we to believe? Are you a widow with five small children, without any hope of ever getting married again, or are you an old maid, without any small children, on the lookout for a husband? On looking at your letter again, we see it was written on April 1st.

Allopath.—"Is there any time of the day or night at which deaths occur more frequently than at any other time, and if so, how is it accounted for?" In making inquiries on this subject in order to answer your question, we came across some curious observations recently published by a Dr. Lawson, regarding the time of the day when the greatest and least number of deaths occur. He finds from the study of the statistics of several hospitals, asylums, and other institutions, that deaths from chronic diseases are most numerous between the hours of eight and ten in the morning, and fewest between like hours in the evening. Acute deaths from continued fevers and pneumonia take place in the greatest ratio in the early morning, when the powers of life are at their lowest, or in the afternoon, when acute disease is most active. The occurrence of these definite daily variations in the hourly death rate is shown, in the case of chronic diseases, to be dependent on recurring variations in the energies of organic life; and in the case of acute diseases, the cause is ascribed either to the existence of a well-marked daily extreme of bodily depression, or a daily maximum of intensity of acute disease.

H. A. (Auburn).—A protection tariff is an enactment by the general government, which imposes duties upon imports, incidentally for the purpose of revenue, but primarily for the purpose of increasing the price of certain articles of importation, and thereby stimulating and fostering the cultivation or manufacture of similar articles within its own territorial limits. You are wrong in saying that the South has always opposed a protective tariff. The act of 1816, which incorporated the protective system, was supported by all the representatives in Congress from South Carolina, and among other statesmen from that section who advocated its passage was Mr. Clay, its great exponent. It was supp[illegible] by the act of May [illegible] and [illegible] 14th, 1832 [illegible] for the protection of American [illegible]. In the [illegible] having been introduced, the South became [illegible] agricultural. The date of the [illegible] was November 24th [illegible] An [illegible] to [illegible] the Congress of the United States [illegible]

C. H. H.—"There has been considerable discussion among several of us as to when the nineteenth century commenced. Some say in 1800, and others in 1801. Please settle, if you can, this vexed question once and for all." We must confess we cannot see how there can be any doubt whatever on this point, yet we are aware that there are many persons, sensible persons, too, on other matters, who will persist in maintaining that the nineteenth century commenced on the 1st January, 1800. Eighteen hundred years, counting from the commencement of our era, cannot be completed until the close of the eighteen hundredth year, i. e., midnight, 31st December, 1800. Consequently the nineteenth century cannot have commenced until 1st January, 1801. It is utterly incomprehensible to us how or on what reasoning any one can argue otherwise, as it is as plain to our mind as that two and two make four, the correctness [illegible] the second year was in reality the first. In that case the present year would not be the 1875th year of the era, but the 1876th.

Zero.—The graduation of the thermometer is effected by plunging the bulb of the instrument, first, into finely powdered, melting ice, and second, into the steam given off directly from boiling water at sea level. The point at which the mercurial column stands in each case is marked on the stem. The former is called the freezing and the latter the boiling point. The space between the freezing and boiling points is divided into equal parts called degrees. In the Centigrade scale, which is the one in most general use in Europe and among scientific men, the number of degrees between the freezing and boiling points is one hundred. The freezing is also called the zero point, designated 0°, and the boiling point is designated 100°. In the Centigrade, all temperatures colder than freezing are reckoned as so many degrees below zero, and the numbers expressing degrees are written with — (the minus sign) prefixed. In the Fahrenheit scale, the space between the freezing and boiling points is divided into one hundred and eighty degrees. In this scale, however, the zero is not placed at the freezing point, but thirty-two Fahrenheit degrees lower. Consequently, 32° Fahr. corresponds to 0° C., or the freezing point. In the Fahrenheit scale, therefore, the number of degrees between zero and the boiling point is 180 x 32=212. The proportion between the number of degrees in the Fahrenheit and Centigrade scale respectively is such that five degrees in the Centigrade scale equal nine degrees in the Fahrenheit scale.

S. J. M. (Tamaqua).—"I would be much obliged if you could give me some particulars about the late Soldiers' Homestead Law, which, I understand, was passed some short time ago. I am told by it every soldier who served during the late war, and was honorably discharged, is allowed to take up a homestead claim of one hundred and sixty acres of land. Please tell me under what conditions can I do this." In the first place it is required of you to live on the claim for five years; but under this act, all the time up to four years you served in the army may be counted out; so that if you served three months, you must reside on your claim four years and nine months: if served three years, must reside on claim two years to make the necessary five; but cannot put in more than four years of service in the army in this way, no matter how long served, for the act expressly says that a man must live on his claim at least one year. If a soldier who enlisted for three years or any less term, was wounded or disabled in the line of duty and honorably discharged, the whole time he enlisted for may be deducted from the period of residence and cultivation even though the actual period of service was short. The widow of any soldier who was killed in the war may take up a homestead, and have the term of service her husband enlisted for deducted from the time she must reside on the claim before she can get a patent for it. If the widow is married or dead, the soldier's minor children may take up a homestead and have the term of their father's enlistment deducted from the time in the same way. The children must act through a guardian, and only one claim can be taken for all the children who are minors. One of the greatest privileges the new law gives is that homestead claims may be entered by an agent. Under the previous rule a claimant is required to enter upon and make improvement, and appear at the land office in person. This law allows of one person going out and selecting homesteads for such soldiers, sailors, and marines as come within the conditions of the law, and he may enter them at the land office for them, the entry standing good for the parties for six months. But by the end of six months the claimant himself must go on the land and begin to improve it. Six months only is allowed, after locating your homestead, for you to commence your settlement and improvement.

Miscellaneous.—Harry and Mar.—Yes, the cards are used, and we can send them to you on receipt of the price, seventy-five cents and one dollar. Helen H. C.—If there are any such things as spelling bees gotten up anywhere in your neighborhood, take our advice and don't be too ambitious to distinguish yourself as a spellist, as we are afraid you would get extinguished at the very first round. 2. The names of the seven famous hills on which the ancient city of Rome was built, were the Palatine, Capitoline, Quirinal, Cælian, Aventine, Viminal and Esquiline. E. S. S.—The gentleman should take the initiative in both the cases you have mentioned in your letter. A. M. F. Many thanks for your good opinion. Lily.—Decline the proposal of the first before you accept the offer of the second. The first can have no reason to complain, if, as you say, you have given him no encouragement. Chorister.—Your sister had better consult a medical man at once about her voice. She may, probably, require a few weeks' careful treatment. Annie and Susie.—Give the young man up at once, and it will serve him right if the other young lady does the same. He is too fickle to be worth having. O. F.—We have already answered your letter three weeks ago. You have evidently overlooked it. Edith.—Your wisest plan will be to have nothing more to do with a young man who evidently does not know his own mind. He is only worthy of contempt. Wife.—By mixing gum arabic with your starch you can impart any degree of stiffness to your husband's collars, cuffs, etc., as he may desire. A. Fischer (Bayou Sara).—Your solutions of the Numbered Charade, Arithmetical Puzzle, and Enigma, are perfectly correct.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

ALONE.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

I sat thinking, in my study, over hopes that long ago
Brought me nought but joy and pleasure, bringing now their meed of woe.
Hopes which once I made my heaven, rushing headlong to my fate;
For the false one never loved me, and my chastisement is great.

I sat thinking, in my study, o'er a bunch of faded bloom—
Truth's emblems—gentle violets—which had cheer'd my lonely room,
And a lock of golden hair, never yet, alas! turn'd gray,
Through the violets have faded, and their truth has passed away.

Then I thought of one fair spring time, when she placed her hand in mine,
And, half-silent, said she loved me, and, half blushing, seemed divine:
Then I thought of that same winter, when the earth was drear and cold,
Fit time, in sooth, to marry one she worshipped for his gold.

And each after spring time passing finds me in my lonely room,
Thinking heavily and sadly, o'er that bunch of faded bloom,
And that lock of golden hair, which should surely now be gray,
For the violets have faded, and their truth has passed away.

MORE ABOUT CHARLEY HARDCASTLE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BADGER.

It was snowing hard when Charley Hardcastle stopped the Germantown avenue car at the beginning, or the end, of his own street, and planted first one neatly-booted foot, and then the other, deep into a white powdery drift. A snow storm actually sent Charley into a boyish ecstacy, but this one drove full into a very anxious face. It was quite a long walk, or rather on this occasion, wade, relieved, or strictly speaking, aggravated, by a series of slides, from the end of the street to the bright cottage where Charley knew that Gudule would be waiting for him. Only Gudule, of course; as for the baby, he had been sound asleep ever so long, by way of preparing his mind to prevent his parents from enjoying that delicious nap in the morning, which, in point of luxury, is worth *all* the *night's* rest.

The long walk seemed longer still, that snowy evening, on account of the wind, and still longer on account of Charley's own meditations.

He brightened up a little, however, at the end of it, as well he might, for the cottage parlor window curtains were all in a glow; and the moment he laid his hand upon the knob, the front door opened, agreeably disappointing his speculations about fumbling with numb fingers for his latch key, and the moment the front door opened, the parlor door opened also, and Gudule came flying—it *is* an old phrase, but that was the way she seemed to move—flying out into the lighted hall with her glad cry of welcome, her exquisite arms stretched out, and her smiling lips just lifted at the precise angle to meet his kiss; and with Gudule and the rush of heart warmth that she brought with her, came the first delightful breath of the cosy home atmosphere, strongly flavored with coffee and waffles, two perfumes which always caused a quiet smile of content to diffuse its sunshine over Charley's pleasant face. So it is not to be wondered at, that, unlike the weather, young Mr. Hardcastle gave transient signs of clearing up.

He continued to deceive his wife by appearances while he was laying aside his fur cap and beaver overcoat, while he was waiting, not very long, you may be sure, in the parlor for the sound of the supper bell, and while he was dividing his attention between his coffee cup, the waffles, enhanced by exact proportions of sugar and cinnamon, and the usual routine questions from him to his wife about the baby, and from his wife to him about his business.

While he was answering these, Charley made up his mind that the conversation must not be suffered to flag, lest he should betray himself. Of course, he meant to tell his wife all about it, in a day or two; but he wanted time to study how to break the news to her, a task which, to give his naturally bright wits their due, was by no means easy. As his invariable catechism drew to a close, therefore, he performed some capital psychological feat in talking about one thing, and thinking of another to be talked about next, and just at the moment he answered the last question, he had fully prepared himself to launch wildly forth upon a funny story about how little Bob Major took his sweetheart out in a cutter, and, in turning a sharp corner, tumbled out of the sleigh, when—oh, the tenacity of the old Adam! that irresistible, unaccountable baby upstairs woke up.

He did. Instead of postponing that astonishing feat till next morning, as he had originally intended, little Septimus turned in his warm, downy nest of a crib, wriggled and grunted, kicked off the covers, and finding that no fond arms clasped him close instantly on these demonstrations, struck out fiercely with his little fists at a retreating nightmare, and taking a good, long breath, in order to get thoroughly ready, sent out a cry, which caused his father to start in his chair, and his mother to start out of hers, and landed himself in less than two minutes snug in her lap, which was the exact spot where he had all along meant to arrive.

Thus was Charley's domestic strategy rendered null and of no effect, and thus it came about that Gudule had hardly got the little man of the house quieted, when turning half-round from the good-natured stove which was cheerfully toasting that little man's toes, she said to her husband:

"What's on your mind, Charley?"

Many men would have answered, "Nothing," but Hardcastle was not of that number. He took time to sigh heavily, because he had a sudden sensation of being half smothered, and could not talk without a fresh supply of air, but having, after the late example of the baby, laid in an ample stock, he replied, immediately:

"I'll tell you all about it as soon as I can make up my mind where to begin."

"Begin," said his wife, "in the middle."

"But I don't know," Charley responded, "where the middle is. I think, if you don't mind, dear, I'll try the end."

"Which end?"

"Why," said Charley, after a pause, "the first end, I guess. Yes; I may as well begin at the beginning—if it is the beginning; it may turn out not to be. You remember old Mrs. Cruse?"

"What a question, love! As if I could forget her. What must you think of me? But stay—she is not—oh, Charley, dear! she is not dead?"

"No, no. I am glad to say the good old lady was never more vividly alive since she was born. Well, since you recollect her——"

"Hear him!" cried Gudule, appealing to the baby, who listened gravely with his blue and white china eyes very wide open; "as if I could forget Auntie Cruse, though I have never seen her, the dear, kind, darling, old lady, who came to keep house for naughty Uncle John after grandpa and grandma died, and who went all the way to the dreadful school where Uncle John had put papa, a poor, little, motherless, fatherless boy, and brought him home, and gave him the only comfort he had had since he was left an orphan. Dear Auntie Cruse! who from the time papa was five years old, took a mother's place to him, and stood between his boyish freaks and his stern uncle's wrath, till she herself lost her situation by her brave defence of him once, when his cruel kinsman was beating him—beating papa, little Septimus! What do you say to that?"

"And you may further tell mamma, little Septimus," said Charley, taking up the tale where his wife left it, "that, although papa has never yet given her the particulars of what happened afterwards, it is necessary that she should know them now."

"What do you mean?" asked Gudule, stopping short in her pastime of stroking two little pink feet, smooth as satin and warm as young squirrels, and interrogating her husband with a look of sudden anxiety.

"I have told you, generally, dear, that she was kind to me at a subsequent period, but I wanted to spare you the details, if possible. I must tell you now, however, that my uncle at last turned me out of his house."

"Turned you out of his house, husband?"

"That I had no friends, save one as it proved, no business, no money, very little education, and nowhere to go."

Gudule sat listening to him with her eyes unusually bright, and her pretty pouting lips very wide apart.

"It was a winter night," he went on. "My uncle came home from a dinner, and sent for me to come to what he called his study. I shall never forget that night, Gudule. He told me that he had met at the dinner a wholesale liquor dealer who had asked him to recommend him, if he could, a clerk. He had recommended me, and the affair had been settled between them. I was to go next day."

"And you refused? Ah, of course. I see it in your face."

"So did he. He interpreted my silence without difficulty. He told me to go to bed; that I would think better of it in the morning, or he would find means to make me. I replied that I never should think better of a business I would sooner starve than follow. He sprang out of his chair, menaced me with his clenched hand; one word led to another, till he swore I should no longer live upon him, called me a lazy dog, a hypocrite, and a beggar, and so, working himself into a drunken rage, laid his heavy hand upon my shoulder, shoved me before him to the front door, dragged it open, shoved me out of it, bareheaded, into the snow, slammed it behind me, double-locked it, and went back, I suppose, to his study for a nap by the fire."

Gudule sat perfectly still, and apparently unconscious that two bright jewels of tears were shining on her cheeks, had suddenly turned pale.

"Don't cry, darling," her husband said, taking her hand and kissing it by way of cheering her up, "it was all for the best."

Gudule looked down at the baby.

"Oh, Charley, suppose such a cruel thing should ever happen to him!"

The small Septimus, as if he had understood her, suddenly laughed out joyously, and in seeming defiance of fate, and made a tiny fisted grab at a tear which his untrained observation appeared to regard in the light of an earring that had in some way got of place.

"So he *was* right about it," exclaimed his mother, hugging him to her, and almost smothering him with her silken bosom as she bent above him. "No such sing ebber s'ould happen to muzzer's 'ittle idol, so it s'ouldn't. Go on, husband. What did you do?"

"Well," Charley resumed, smiling at his wife's abrupt transitions from grave to gay, and back again; "for the first few minutes I just stood still on the steps, mentally benumbed. Then I began to perceive that I was growing physically benumbed as well, and I descended the steps by way of setting out to seek my fortune. It was anything but a long walk to the pavement, and as I reached it, the utter helplessness and hopelessness of my situation seemed to rush right upon me out of the falling snow. Besides being bareheaded, I was comparatively barefooted, at least, I had on only a pair of thin stockings and worked slippers, both of which were already soaked through. I certainly could not stand there, and it was almost as easy to walk on into the storm, as to attempt to go back into the house I had just been turned out of, for boots, hat and overcoat that my uncle had given me. While I stood irresolute, a woman came by; it was the dismissed housekeeper, my one friend, old Mrs. Cruse. She had been discharged by my uncle some time before, and lived in a little cottage in a back street, where she supported herself in various humble ways, one of which was the 'profession' of a seamstress. She was coming home from her day's work, with a basket on her arm, her umbrella held down well in

"GOOD F

front of her, and her head bowed against the driving snow. A moment more, and she would have gone by without seeing me. Indeed, I should not have known her, I think, but for a friendly street lamp, which seemed to point her out to me. I sprang forward, calling out, 'Auntie, stop.' And she did stop. I never saw any human being more amazed, more energetic, more distressed, or more delighted."

"Delighted?" cried Gudule.

"Amazed," her husband answered, "at my situation; energetic in hurrying me round the corner to a store, while she went into my uncle's house, walked straight to my room, and brought away such things as I immediately needed; distressed at the sudden ill turn in my 'luck,' as she called it, and delighted that she had a home for her 'boy,' as she called *me*. She took me to it, Gudule; she sheltered me when I had not a friend in the world, save herself; she went, at my request—for I believe, if left to herself, she would have taken care of me all my life, as a matter of course—she went from one gentleman to another, in the families where she worked, till she found employment for me. And what," asked Charley, abruptly, "ought I to do for her, should she ever need my help?"

"Anything!" answered Gudule—"everything!"

"Even," said Charley, after a pause—"even to sacrificing for her the thousand dollars we have laid up towards paying off the mortgage on our little home."

RIENDS."

"Oh, Charley!" exclaimed Gudule, "must that be done?"

"Even," pursued he, "to sacrificing the two thousand dollars that were to make me a partner in our firm, next month."

"Oh, Charley," cried Gudule, "must *that* be done?"

"Listen, darling."

But Gudule was in no mood to listen.

"I thought," she said, sobbing, "that Mrs. Cruse was better off now than we are? I thought she had had a great piece of good fortune lately? I thought you told me that for the last year she had been living on a farm, unexpectedly left her by a distant relative, and that she was so comfortable and happy, and all that, and—and—oh, dear! just as you were doing *so* well, and had such a bright prospect!"

And, greatly to the wonderment of little Septimus, his sweet mother let him look out for himself on her lap, and, taking both hands to cover her face, began to cry so pitifully, that Hardcastle junior made up his mind that it rained. For Gudule knew that Charley meant to make the sacrifice he spoke of, just as well as Charley knew that Gudule meant to consent to his making it, despite her tears with all her heart.

He waited patiently till Gudule looked out of her dainty handkerchief, and interrogated him by a sad, questioning look.

"Why, you see, darling," said Charley, answering the wet eyes, "the nearer relatives went to law and succeeded—unfairly, as I think, though the court didn't—in breaking the will. I learned all about it from one of them. She never said a word to me—not she. There is no doubt about it. In fact, when I heard about it, Auntie Cruse was back in her cottage again, and the farm—the old farm, where she was born and brought up, and hoped to die—was up for sale at an agent's."

"And you mean to buy it?"

"I didn't at first. They wanted five thousand for it. Out of all reason! When they found that *I* was thinking of becoming the purchaser, they instructed their agent to demand six. I brought them down to three. Then I thought it was time to tell you."

"Charley, wouldn't it be cheaper to contest the case—to—to appeal, or something, whatever it is that they do?"

"I should only spend the money I need to buy the farm with."

"But will Mrs. Cruse——"

"Why, of course she wouldn't. Auntie Cruse is not to know it. She is to suppose that some legal hocus-pocus has reinstated her. No other means of making her go back and live there."

"Oh, Charley!" sighed Gudule, "I shouldn't mind the money for the house so much, but—but your chance of a partnership. Such an opportunity may never occur again. Couldnt she come and live here?" Charley shook his head. "Couldn't you take the partnership, and buy the farm afterwards—say in a year?"

"Might be impossible then."

"Well," said Gudule, with manifest effort, "you—you know best, dear husband."

Then she went to put little Septimus back into his crib. When she returned, she came silently to her husband, threw her arms round his neck, and took possession of his knee, where she remained till time for prayers.

There was a proud heart that night in the little cottage, and it beat in the bosom of its pretty mistress.

Gudule was not the only one whose doubts about the wisdom of his course Charley had to overcome. Mr. Gadfly was especially hard to deal with, for it was impossible to enter into minute explanations with him (impossible for Charley, at least, who was not one to speak of his own glorious deeds), and he showed so much displeasure at the rather lame apologies for apparently slighting his kindness, that the young man's head-clerkship seemed, at one time, in jeopardy.

Mrs. Cruse herself was harder to manage than anybody else. She evidently suspected that her 'boy' was deceiving her, though she acknowledged that it would be for the first time in his life, about her claim to that farm. He had taken her there without a word of explanation, showed her all over the house, that she might see that things were pretty much as she left them, and then, in the "sett'n room," beside a bright fire, over a capital lunch, had informed her that she was at home again, and that the old place could be hers as long as she lived.

"And afterwards," said the old lady, after she had been deluded into making up her mind to stay, "I s'pose it'll go to them folks. I wish I could leave it to you, Charley; but I reck'n it kinder oughter stay in the family—oh, dear boy?"

"Oh, certainly, Aunt Cruse," said Charley.

How Mr. Gadfly found out all about it, this writer does not feel called upon to state. It might not be considered a violation of confidence, and then, again, it might. It is better to be on the safe side, and though, to be sure, no mention has been made of the real estate agent—but, enough! speech is silver, and silence gold. But this may lawfully be told. However he got at the truth, Mr. Gadfly did get at it, and, having done so, he said not a word about it.

Charlie went back to his desk as head-clerk, and Gudule turned that winter's mantle and dresses to serve for the next winter, and, instead of one month in the mountains, and one at Long Branch the next summer, little Septimus only got a fortnight at Squan Beach, and that because Dr. Gayland had befriended him, and declared, solemnly: "No; Germantown was *not* rural enough for him."

In short, except that the young couple were less hopeful, things seemed to be going on with them exactly as before that proposition about the partnership, when, on New Year's day, Mr. Gadfly's carriage stopped before the cottage, and, being welcomed by his head-clerk, he said to him, as he gave one hand to his wife, and the other to him:

"Happy New Year, my worthy partner!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Charlie; while Gudule shook Mr. Gadfly's hand in both of hers.

Bless you, *she* understood it all on the instant, and declared, subsequently, that she was ready to have kissed her husband's senior partner on the very slightest provocation.

"I never talk business," answered Mr. Gadfly, "on holidays; but I'll stay and dine with you, if I may?"

Might he? Oh, mightn't he?

Only they hoped he would not mind meeting a worthy old lady who had been kind to Charley when he was a boy.

Of course Mr. Gadfly would be glad to meet her; but it was astonishing how stupid he seemed to be about that old lady, and how he confounded her with other old ladies; and how often he got her name wrong; and when she came, and Charley helped her out of the carriage which had gone to meet her at the depot, and brought her, all fresh and rosy, into the snug parlor, the solemnity with which she and Mr. Gadfly allowed themselves to be introduced to each other, would have puzzled anybody who had seen them the day before in close and confidential converse in the office of the real estate agent, who—but this is forbidden ground.

But, "dear, dear!" the widow Cruse herself would have said, to see the state of suppressed excitement that she was in, and how Gudule perceived it at a glance, and Charley was as blind to it as little Septimus, till, when the desert was on the table, and the trim waitress was gone, Widow Cruse, with moist eyes and a trembling lip, said:

"Charley, dear, I've brought a present for little Septimus, which I give him, with the understanding he's to let his pa use it for him"—here she laid a huge oblong envelope, tied with red tape, on the table close to the little siver mug and napkin ring and tiny fork—"to let his pa use it for him as long as his pa and ma live. Don't speak. Jest you listen. I can afford it. I've changed my mind about leavin' the old humstead in the famiy. One of these days it's to be my 'boy's'—what's left on it, for I've sold 'bout twenty acres out of a hundred. Don't none of ye speak till I'm done talkin'. You see, they found some kind of ile, on it, and I'm a rich old woman—and I know who made me so."

"Do you?" gasped Charley, as the widow caught his face in both hands and kissed him. "Then it is clear to me that that real estate agent——"

But another word might betray confidence.

GOOD NATURE.

Good nature is one of the most precious commodities of life, both to the possessor and to all that come in contact with him. One may own an exquisite picture, and yet, locked in his house, its beauty is sequestered, and few derive any pleasure from it. One having precious stones may flash a moment's admiration upon spectators, but good nature brings happiness to scores and hundreds, and the best of it is, that it takes nothing from the possessor.

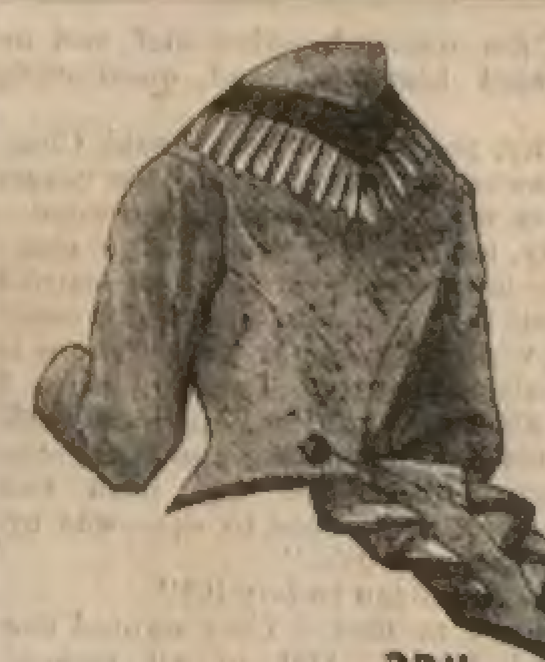
There is so much care in life, so many that are victims of low spirits, so much of sorrow, so many that are languid through sickness or grief, or watching, or want, that any one who can throw a ray of light upon their spirits is a benefactor indeed. Good nature is the most practical of all kinds of benevolence. It gives itself forth without measure. It shines like the sun, into all places, high and low alike. It chooses nothing, but blesses all, without discrimination. It allays strifes, pours oil upon friction, lightens the tasks of life, and diffuses a cheer and glow which wine cannot give, and all this, too, while the cause of all this blessing is himself blessed above all.

Some men are good natured in spots; some are good natured when they have their own way, or have fallen upon some good luck; some are good natured in company and cross at home. Now and then we find a real son of light—a hero of the luminous heart; one who beams forth always like summer upon all everywhere; whom all men bless when he comes, and all miss when he goes. Such men ought to wear crowns. They do. Grateful thoughts, love and joy form the crown. They wear unconsciously, but a hundred hearts place it upon their heads, and they go crowned with light all their days.

* * *

EVERY heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck, yet are often only like the stones used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize and rise enriched.

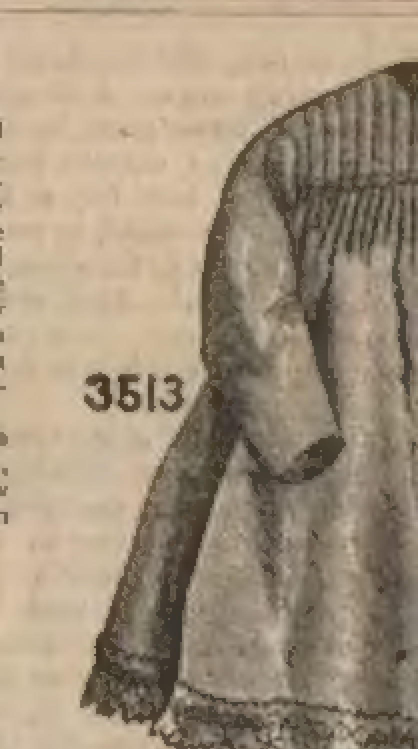
THE SATURDAY



3311

Waist—This beautiful design for waists is appropriate for silk, grenadine, or camels-hair fabric, and will do justice to both the figure and material; it may be elaborately trimmed or left quite plain, as shown in the above cut, with a very pleasing and modest effect.

The front is simply a tight fitting basque, about six inches below the waist. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.



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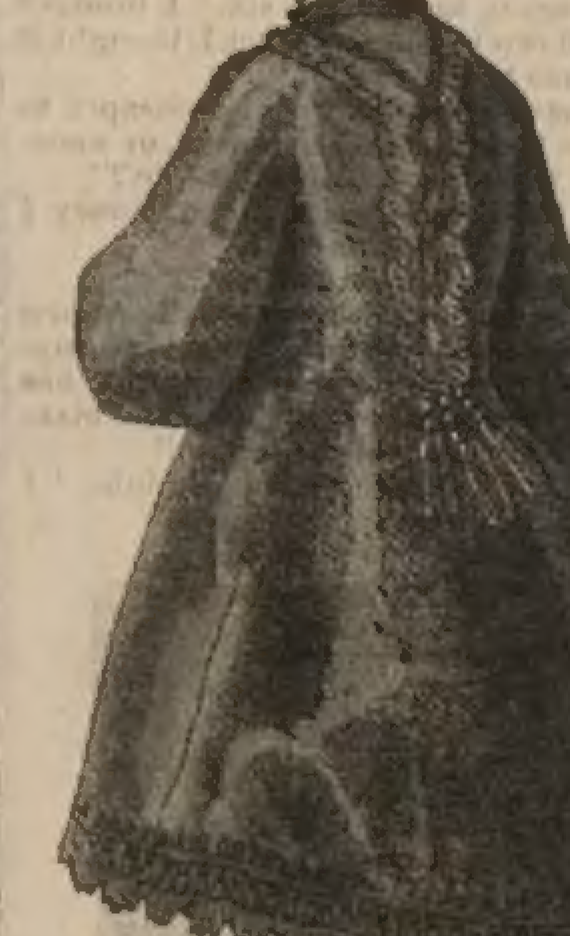
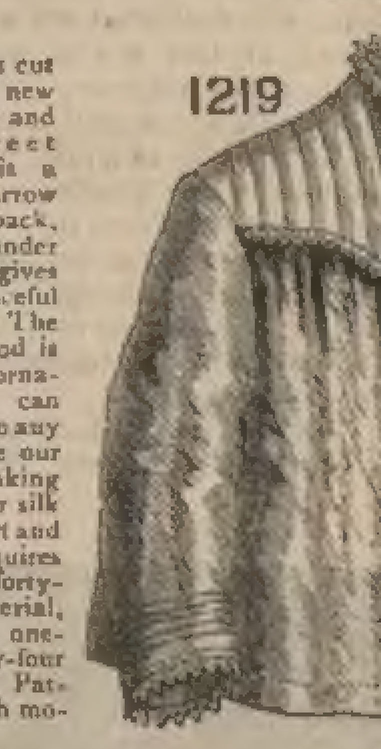


3510

Sacque—This cut represents the new pattern for silk and cashmere street sacques. It is a shape with narrow fronts and back, having a gore under the arm which gives it a very graceful and easy effect. The little fancy hood is new and very ornamental. We can recommend it to any who would like our advice for making up cashmere or silk for both comfort and style. Requires two yards of forty-five inch material, or four and one-half of twenty-four inch material. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.



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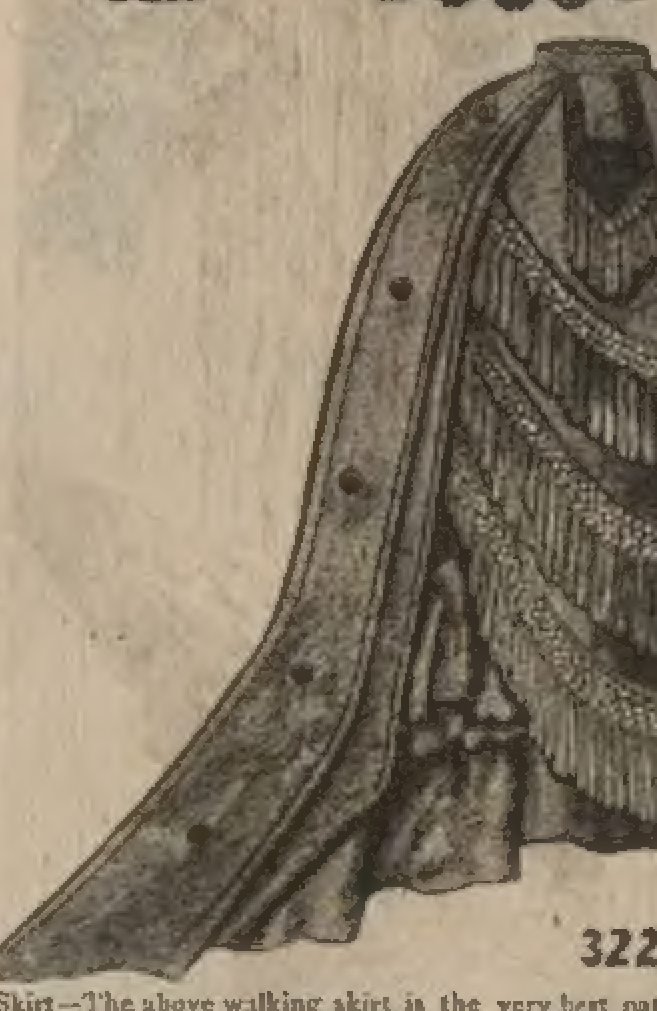
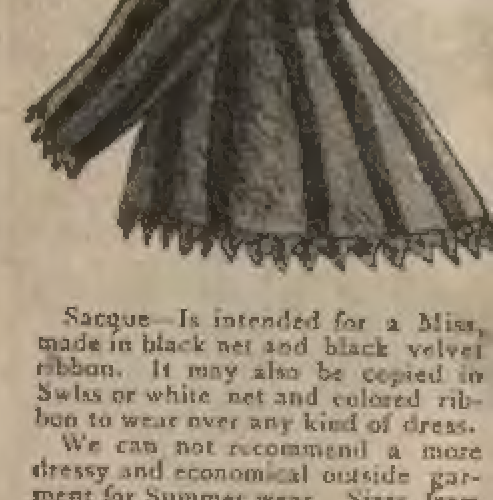


3223

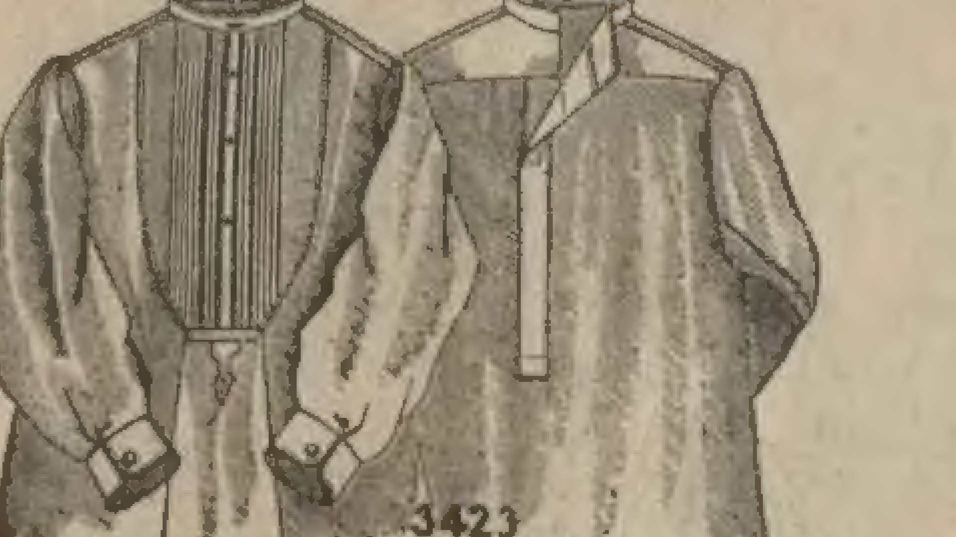
Skirt—The above walking skirt is the very best pattern to be found for the present style. It will keep its place and produce a graceful and elegant effect without trouble of tying back. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.



3325

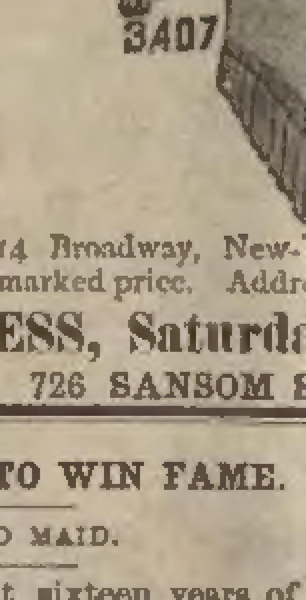
Sacque—Is intended for a Miss, made in black net and black velvet ribbon. It may also be copied in Swiss or white net and colored ribbon to wear over any kind of dress.

We can not recommend a more dressy and economical outside garment for Summer wear. Sizes from seven to thirteen years. Requires of thirty-six inch material, for nine years, one and one-eight yards. Pattern, with cloth model, 40 cents.



3423

Shirt—Probably there is no pattern of so much real value as a good and comfortable fitting shirt. There is certainly no garment of which we hear so much complaint. The above pattern is pronounced one of the very best, the shield bosom being narrow at the bottom prevents it from breaking easily. It may also be opened either in the front or back, and it has an entirely new arrangement of the shoulder seam which insures a good fit. All sizes. Requires three yards of muslin. When ordering a pattern send size of neck and chest. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.



3407

The above styles are from "Smith's Pattern Bazaar," 914 Broadway, New-
"CLOTH MODEL" will be sent, postage free, on receipt of the marked price. Addr

FASHION EDITRESS, Saturd

726 SANSOM

OUR NEW YORK FASHION LETTER.

The choice of a nice and suitable fabric for a spring walking suit is rather a difficult problem early in the season. The material should, in fact, combine a variety of qualities—it should be neither too warm nor too cool; sufficiently dressy, yet not too dressy; fit both for walking, and driving, and unceremonious visits. A dress that will stand a certain amount both of rain and dust, for spring days are treacherous and variable, and that after doing duty for best during the demi-season, will still be serviceable on many occasions both through the spring and summer, and may finally, before ending its useful existence, do duty as a traveling suit. Such a material can be found, as near perfection as possible in debege, which will be even more fashionable than ever this spring. The genuine debege is pure wool, of various shades of the same color, as gray and brown, or a brownish gray formed by the two shades being spun together. It is a light, soft and very durable tissue, indifferent to both sun and rain. Quiet shades of color, whether in mohairs, cashmeres, vigogne or poplinettes, are more in favor than ever this spring. Gray has the double advantage of being becoming to all complexions, and of looking well with any other color, which leaves personal fancy unlimited scope in the choice of bows, cravats, sashes, and so on. Walking dresses are, as a rule, made very simply this spring, and of woolen materials, or silk in combination with woolen fabrics.

We take as a type of a tasteful walking costume, a dress of debege spoken of just now, the skirt trimmed with a pleating, headed by a deep shirring of the same; an apron overskirt, edged with a narrow pleating, the ends at the back hidden beneath the long postillion back of the basque, which extends at the sides and front only a little below the waist. Sleeves semi-wide, with deep revers, buttons of smoked pearl.

A round cape, extending a little below the waist, and edged all around with a fine pleating similar to that on the tablier would be a pretty and useful addition, ribbon to match the color of the dress material at the neck of the cape behind, formed into a bunch of tasteful loops being a pretty finish. The costume should be completed by a straw hat of the same color as the dress. To give the finishing touches to such a toilet, the gloves, as well as the sunshade, should be of the same color, the latter with a lining of pink, blue or mauve silk, to which the cravat bow should be matched, thus giving a *cachet* of dainty neatness and good taste to a very simple costume. But great care must ever be given to the least details in such toilets; this is the only secret of the Parisienne's art of always looking well dressed, even in the simplest materials.

Another tasteful costume is of tobacco-colored Irish poplin, the skirt trimmed round with a deep gathered flounce, with but little fullness; upon the lower edge of which is set a ruffle, three inches wide. A tight fitting polonaise of cashmere a shade lighter, a row of tortoise shell buttons down the front, the skirt being left open about half its length in front,, and gracefully draped at the back. Sleeves of poplin the same as the skirt. The elegance of this simple costume consists entirely in the shape, which must fit irreproachably.

An elegant walking suit is composed of chocolate-brown cashmere, and a lighter shade of silk. The front of the skirt formed of the silk with a rather deep flounce, above which is a shirred puff; at the side, to divide it from the back breadths of cashmere, are three box pleats with bows, to match in color the cashmere. Sleeveless corsage of cashmere, trimmed with bows of the light shade of silk. Sleeves of silk in bouillonnes, striped down with lines or bias folds of cashmere. Hat of dark brown velvet, garnished with a feather of a lighter shade, and bows of brown.

The newest trimmings are braid or tape fringes, and ruchings of the same for headings, which has the effect of feather bands. There is also a novelty called embroidery trimming, of pure silk, in exquisite patterns of flowers, vines, etc., and that when sewn on have precisely the effect of hand embroidery. This trimming is necessarily expensive, and thus far none has been imported at a lower price than from $2 to $3 per yard. But for anything so beautiful and rich in effect, the price is low.

Fringes of sewing silk and chenille, or crimped braid, and sewing silk, with fancy headings of braid and passementerie, which obviates the necessity of an extra heading, are among the novelties. This braid or tape trimming mentioned is of silk, and can be had, ready-made, only in black, and costs from 75 cents to $3 per yard. When desired in colors, time must be allowed for having it made to order, which usually requires a week or ten days.

While ball and other worsted fringes are very soft and pretty trimmings, they have been "run into the ground," and will not be fashionable another season. Although the same fate has been predicted for jet, it is not by any means banished from favor, and will, without doubt, continue to be lavished upon tabliers, jackets, etc., during the spring and summer.

Silk fringes, with and without jet, are exceedingly fashionable, both in black and to match the color of dresses, and cost from 75 cents a yard (or less) upward.

Guipure and yak laces are in favor for cashmere, and other all wool goods.

French lace, which is now made to exactly imitate real thread, will be used upon silk and grenadine dresses

Ecru yak will be very fashionable for trimming batiste dresses; imitation cluny, ecru and white, for the same purpose.

Buttons of white and gray ivory, wood buttons, oriental pearl, and smoke pearl, will be fashionable upon the new spring costumes, and may be had in sizes suitable for dress waists from 30 cents per dozen upward. For black silk or other black dresses crochet buttons with or without jet continue to be fashionably worn.

There is not much that can be called decidedly new in shawls. For comfort and usefulness may be particularly commended the plaid American and Scotch shawls; the latter in the colors of the Scotch clans, and always esteemed by ladies of good taste, and are always fashionable. Ottoman shawls, in broad, rich stripes, and of a rep texture, continue in favor, but are considerably lower in price than in former seasons; such grades as sold for $10 may now be purchased for $6.

Excellent imitations of India cashmere shawls are found in the French cashmere, and may be bought from $20 to $50. Long striped India shawls cost from $40 to $200. Stella shawls of cashmere, with black or red centres and fancy borders, are very convenient, and sufficiently dressy for almost any occasion, and not too dressy to be in keeping with the plainest toilet. These shawls cost from $40 to $200, according to the quality and depth of border.

A shawl that may for many reasons be recommended above all others, is of black cashmere embroidered with silk. They are suitable for any age, with any dress, and for almost any season or occasion. They never become old-fashioned, and will last with care an ordinary lifetime. By the addition of deep guipure laces, the beauty and richness is greatly enhanced. Ladies who find it difficult to adjust shawls that are stout and firm of texture, will find these fine, soft-textured cashmere shawls, falling from the shoulders, fold upon fold, and not having that stiff appearance so often seen in shawls that look as if placed in angles by particular pains. These embroidered black cashmere shawls cost from $40 to $150.

Shetland wool shawls, are used as wraps for the house, cool evenings out of doors in the summer, and for morning or evening wear at the seaside.

Himalayan shawls in dark, solid colors, rough and shaggy, are exceedingly comfortable for traveling and riding in the cold.

Berlin wool shawls, light, soft and warm, cost $5 and upward.

NEW YORK, April 20th.

[SEE ALSO "BOUDOIR" ON PAGE 8.]

* * *

IN every pursuit, whatever gives strength and energy to the mind of man, experience teaches to be favorable to the interest of piety, knowledge and virtue; in every pursuit, on the contrary, whatever enfeebles or limits the powers of the mind, the same experience ever shows to be hostile to the best interests of human life.

* * *

WHEN we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

MY ATTEMPTS TO WIN FAME.

BY AN OLD MAID.

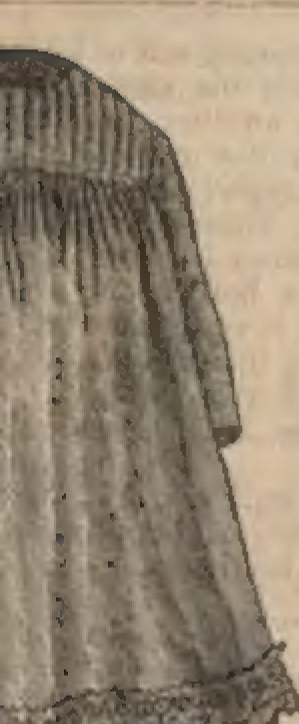
When I was about sixteen years of age, I was very ambitious, romantic, and a trifle self-conceited. And I would have remained so, no doubt, had not my most strenuous efforts to obtain fame met with such chilling repulses as I am about to relate for the amusement, I hope, of the reader.

It was after reading some excellent, though rather exciting novels, that I first conceived the brilliant idea of becoming an authoress, and, consequently, acquiring fame. Why should I not? I argued with myself. Surely there could be nothing but success awaiting me, for no editor would be so utterly blind to his own interest as to turn away such a production of genius as mine would prove to be?

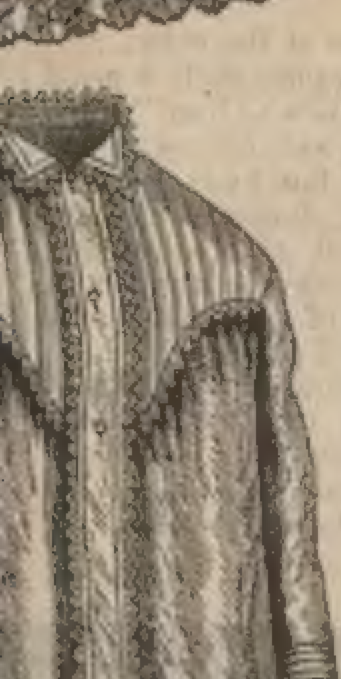
I thought continually upon the subject, and, the consequence was, that my enthusiastic fire grew brighter and brighter, until it finally burst into an all-absorbing flame, which, in subsiding, left a brilliant "spark of genius," as I conceitedly styled it.

This "spark" was nothing less than a love story, entitled "Love's Reward," in which the heroine, a marvel of all that was lovable and true, remained faithful twenty years to the memory of a lover whom she thought dead, and who turned up after all those years, and married her because of her constancy, "and they lived happily ever after." I gave my piece this ending, because all love stories I had ever read ended in this way, and, also, because I thought they deserved to live happily after waiting so long. Never before was so much gentleness, patience, and resignation, as my heroine displayed, combined in one person. Such an angelic being was never before, or since, I fancy, heard of; and during all those years of waiting she did not grow ugly, nor wrinkled, nor sour-tempered, as old maids are said to do generally. But I think they are slandered.

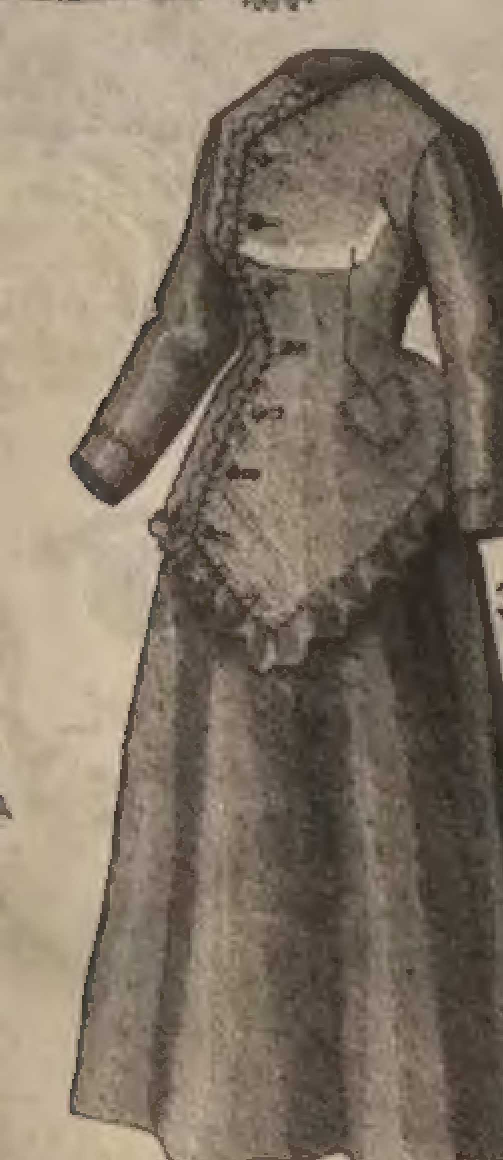
After this gem of literary art was composed, and carefully copied, I was undecided as to which paper I should contribute to, and thereby make everlastingly



Dress—No style of dress is better suited for all kinds of material or more comfortable and convenient than the French yoke. It allows perfect freedom to the little one and will wear much longer than if tight fitting, and when made of white or wash goods it serves nicely for an apron the second season. Requires of thirty-six inch material one and one-half yards for four years. Sizes from one to five years. Pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents.



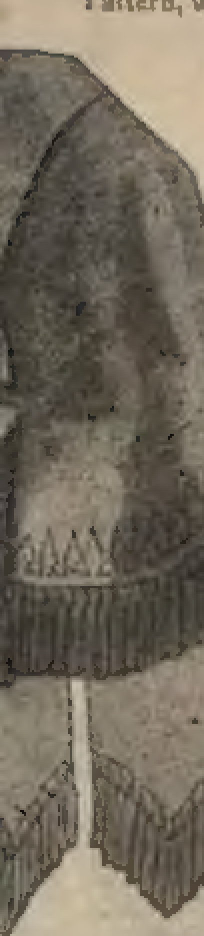
Sacque—Is appropriate and convenient for a night dress or dressing sacque, and is considered a little more dressy than he plain pointed yoke. Pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents.



3222

Wrapper—This style of wrapper is much admired because it is new, comfortable and stylish; many prefer it to the gabrielle, as the sacque can be worn with different skirts. For cambric and pique wrappers it is especially appropriate, the skirt usually finished with one deep flounce. Requires, of twenty-seven inch material, ten yards.

Pattern, with cloth model, 75 cents.



Metternich—We give this design as one of the most satisfactory patterns for cashmere or silk wraps. It is also a convenient garment for the traveling or ramble suit.

Requires, of cashmere, one and one half yards. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

York, and Patterns ccompanied by
css

ay Evening Post,
STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

famous, and, also, as to which would pay the most, for I certainly had a mercenary streak in my ambition.

I never was enabled to rise above a certain love for silks, laces, velvets, and jewels, such as I thought an authoress should wear, and which could not be obtained without money. I am aware that this love is termed a feminine weakness, but I maintain that it is a masculine weakness also, if one may be allowed to judge from the way in which gentlemen single out these articles, and pay them the most assiduous attentions, while one less richly dressed is ignored almost.

But, to return to my subject. After much consideration, I finally sent it to one of the leading magazines of the day. I wrote a condescending little note to the editor, telling him he might publish my MS. for the low sum of ten dollars, and I would write him one every month equally as good as that, provided he would increase my pay as the fame of his magazine increased.

Oh, what brilliant dreams I dreamed in the three days of waiting that followed! I dreamed of how my name would shine among those of the most talented women in the land. But, alas! for human expectations! At the end of the three days I received my manuscript, together with a polite note from the editor, saying that my contribution was "respectfully declined, as was also my generous offer;" also, "that unless I could impart more spirit and common sense to my writings, I would never succeed as an authoress; and if he might be allowed to judge, I certainly would never make his or any other periodical famous with what little talent I possessed."

The ravings of my outraged genius were terrible to witness. Insulting monster! How could a man of such poor judgment and unappreciative mind attain to such eminence in the profession as had he? In the midst of my despair, a consoling thought presented itself. I believed he must be a bachelor, and did not believe in love and marriage. (I have since learned that he had a wife and four children.) I determined to send my treasure to some one else, which I accordingly did; and after four days of suspense I received a curt note, saying "I need not trouble him again, as he had no time to be bothered with such trash."

I gave vent to my wounded ambition in a flood of bitter tears, after which I determined never again to attempt to win fame. I have never broken that resolution, and I suppose I never will, as I have now settled down into an "old maid," not such a one as the heroine of "Love's Reward," for I find that, as the years slip away, I grow both ugly and wrinkled, and my little nephews and nieces would tell you sour-tempered also, I am afraid.

My life is as peaceful as though no dream of fame had ever entered it; and I think I have found my true sphere at last, in becoming the old maid instead of the genius of the family.

DREAMLAND.

"Where is dreamland, Lottie?" asked one little prattler of another.

"Dreamland," replied Lottie, "dreamland? Why, it's away up there," was the reply, pointing upwards with one chubby finger; "away up there."

"Away up where," continued the reasoning Susy. "I don't see any-place that looks like it."

"No, you can't see it. It's away up ever so far—away up where God lives."

And Lottie arranged her doll's dress differently, seated herself complacently in her chair, confident that now Susy was satisfied with the location of dreamland.

But not so.

"Away up where God lives!" repeated Susy; "away up where God lives! Why, he lives everywhere, Lottie; he is in everything; we can't hide from him. No, dreamland is not there—I don't think so."

"Well, I can't help it if you don't, Susy; it is up there."

"Now last night," continued Susy, "I dreamed—no, I went to dreamland, and I saw Willie Warren as plain—why, just as I see you, Lottie; and when I opened my eyes, it was so real I could see him then—just as plain. I didn't go away up there; I didn't go anywhere, you see; so I think last night my dreamland was 'tween Willie and I."

Bravo, little reasoner, bravo!

You have solved a problem, and with more reason than many an older and wiser head than yours has failed to give.

"My dreamland was 'tween Willie and I."

We have listened to argument after argument on this very subject.

Persons have wondered why they dreamed.

They had a dream—good or bad as the case might be—could any one interpret it?

In other words, they had been to dreamland; where was it?

Some reason one way, and some another.

If a very beautiful dream of some dear friend who has passed from this earth, they reason that some guardian watcher must be around them, forgetting, at the time, that our guardian watchers never leave us; also unmindful that the day had been passed pleasantly, the associations had been akin to themselves, and, like Susy, their dreamland lay between them and some associations in a direct line; consequently, a pleasant journey ensued.

But if through the day disagreeable objects had presented themselves; if the creditor who owed that large sum of money had failed to do so as the notes signified, and harsh words and severe threats followed, and a restless night and frightful dreams were the consequence, we have heard the prophecy that some dreadful thing would happen.

But Susy had solved the problem.

"My dreamland was 'tween Willie and I."

TREASURES.

BY E. A. W.

We all have them, treasures that intrinsically are worth nothing, but from which we would not part for the wealth of the Indies. I have them, and so have you my friend. They may be valueless to others, but they are of priceless worth to us. We keep them from stranger eyes, we allow no profane hand to touch them; no one but ourselves would appreciate them, for we alone know the memories that make them dear, and with what voices they speak of a dead past.

Here is a withered rose; how the odor clings to it still!—faint and sweet, though time has winnowed the years in heaps since it was given you on an evening in the beautiful long ago, by one who is now but a handful of dust beneath a coffin lid. What a subtle power lurks in that rose; you gaze at it till you can almost hear the loved voice, and feel the clasp of the dear hand, as erst you heard and felt them in that vanished time. And is not that faded rose a treasure? Ay, a priceless treasure.

But here is something else, a package of old letters, penned by a cherished hand. They are yellow and old, but even yet they contain "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Put them away with the faded rose; they are priceless. And you might write upon them "Sacred to the memory of one we loved."

Let us open this drawer—it is filled with little garments and a child's playthings. How the founts of feeling are stirred as you look at them! Here is a little well-worn shoe, but the dear feet that wore them, whose patter was the sweetest music to your ear, are now pressing the everlasting hills of heaven. Ah, what would you not give to hear the patter of those little feet again! But above all do you value this fair curl, shorn from the bright head of your baby boy, whose golden curls were the light of your life. That little curl was a part of your darling, and as you twine it around your finger and press it to your cheek, you almost fancy it a thing of life. And are they not treasures, the little garments, the worn shoe, and the golden curl? They are all that is left you of your baby boy, save the fadeless light of memory and a tiny mound in the cemetery. And would you part from them? No, not for untold gold. They are your treasures.

Contempt is not a thing to be despised. It may be borne with a calm and equal mind, but no man, by lifting his head high, can pretend that he does not perceive the scorns that are poured down upon him from above.

HUMAN glory is not alway glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst their panegyrists.

A PROFESSOR OF CONVERSATION.

We learn, by a paragraph in an English newspaper, that a new trade has been struck out—the teaching of people to converse in a pleasant way on various subjects, or what might more properly be called cramming to take a part in ordinary conversation. Not a bad idea, if elocution and the art of getting over bashfulness are at the same time attended to! The following is the paragraph in question.

Boswell relates that Johnson used to say the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression. It is almost universally admitted, now-a-days, that even that humble effect has passed away, and that the style of conversation in our parlors and in society, is, as a rule, dull and stupid. It is no use stopping to inquire why it is so, although there is a very good reason for the melancholy fact. There are, however, bright prospects for us in the future. We have only to take a trip to Paris, and there is a gentleman there—nay, more, a baron, whose pupils, after a short intercourse with him, and the deposition of a small fee, will be able, after future successes, to address him: "We are now able,

> Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
> From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

For the Baron H—— has the honor to announce, through the French papers, that he is now in Paris, and that, being endowed with a remarkable talent for conversation, which has been nurtured by the profoundest study—a rare combination in these days—and having amassed, in his frequent and varied travels, a fund of instructive and interesting observations, he is enabled to place his talents at the disposal of those masters and mistresses of houses who are much exercised at being unable to converse fluently. The baron will either impart his instruction abroad or at home. His drawing-room is open to subscribers twice a day, and is the rendezvous of a select circle, the subscription being only a sovereign a month. Three hours of his day are consecrated to an instructive but amiable chat on the news of the day, literary and artistic subjects, observations on manners, over which an archness, unmingled with malignity, will preside; and a few discussions on various subjects, from which politics will be strictly excluded, will make up an agreeable evening's *seance*. The evenings abroad are more expensive. In the first place, the baron declines to dine out more than three nights a week. He charges twenty francs for dinner, but the evening party afterwards is not included in that sum, which lets in a fierce light on the baron's sagacity. Separate arrangements must be made for puns and *jeux de mots*. The baron will also supply guests, suitably attired, who will sustain and vary the conversations, when those who employ them do not care to take the trouble to make replies or observations. And these guests may in the daytime be hired as friends by foreigners, or persons not in society.

HOW TO LIVE HAPPY.

Harmony in the married state is the first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of others of more value than any object whatever on which a wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish, when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life! And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet everyone has their pouch, into which all these little oppositions are put; while that is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and, when filled, it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why; because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he finds his affections wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife, in common conversation; a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate, and make him feel himself in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use in rectifying him if the thing be unimportant? Let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occassion of rehearsing the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence.

THE DAISY.

The daisy was Chaucer's favorite flower; and never since hath bard done it such reverence as the venerable father of English poetry. All worship, saving his own, is that of words only; his was the adoration of a heart which overflowed with love for the daisy. He tells us how he ran with the sun to watch this beautiful flower first open, and how he knelt beside it again in the evening to watch its starry rim close; that the daisy alone could allure him from his study and his books, and when he had exhausted all his stores of beautiful imagery in its praise, his song was ever ready to burst out anew, as he exclaimed, "Oh, the daisy, it is sweet!" For his sake it ought to have been selected as the emblem of poetry, and throughout all time called "Chaucer's flower." For our part we never wander forth into the fields in spring to look for it, without picturing Chaucer, in his old costume, resting on his "elbow and his side," as he many a time had done, paying lowly reverence to his old English flower, which he had happily called the "Eye of Day."

BABIES.—We love little babies, and love everybody who does love babies. No man has music in his soul who does not love babies. Babies were made to be loved—especially girl babies when they grow up. A baby is spring day in winter—a ray of sunshine in frigid winter—and if it is healthy and good-natured, and it's yours, it is a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot be a hopeless case as long as he loves babies one at a time. We love babies because they are babies, and because their mothers were lovable and lovely women. Our love for babies is bounded by the number of babies in the world. Babies are babies, and nothing can take their places.